Newport Mercury.

HOPE

THE OLDEST PAPER IN AMERICA. ESTABLISHED BY FRANKLIN 1758.

VOLUME CLVI.—NO. 16. NEWPORT, R. I., SEPTEMBER 27, 1913. WHOLE NUMBER 8,708.

The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO

JOHN P. SANBORN, } Editors.
A. H. SANBORN,

182 THAMES STREET,
NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: $2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew K. Meikle, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays. 12, '10

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 2d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Field; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall. 2, '12

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—Sidney D. Harvey, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 12, '10

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P. Sir Knight Captain F. A. G. Stuart. J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays. 2, '11

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 29, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

I. J. JOSEPHSON LODGE; President, Jos. Danitz; Treasurer, Daniel Rosen; meets 1st and 2d Sundays.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The board of aldermen have held several meetings in the last few days, several of them having to do with the purchase of the new automobile chemical wagon. At a meeting of the board last week, the deadlock over the make of apparatus was broken at last, and it was voted to purchase a LaFrance engine. A committee was appointed to look into the matter of specifications before the contract was signed and this committee reported at a special meeting of the board on Tuesday evening. In accordance with a number of suggestions from Chief Kirwin several minor amendments were made to the specifications and equipment, and these were approved by the full board. The Mayor was then authorized to sign the contract in behalf of the city, a bond of $5000 being required, and delivery within ninety days being specified.

At the Tuesday evening meeting of the board, Alderman Kirby was authorized to spend $25 to equip the Vernon avenue play ground as a football field. The bill of the old Easton's Beach Association, amounting to $1,958.50, for services of a watchman, etc., was referred to the city solicitor for a written opinion. There is no appropriation available and it will have to go to the council.

The session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was a quiet one, there being little business for consideration. Weekly bills and payrolls were approved. On recommendation of Alderman Hughes, Herbert Cole Ramsay, formerly midshipman in the navy, was given leave to withdraw his petition for damages as the result of a fall on the steps at Long wharf on July 13. Mr. Hughes had made a thorough investigation and reported that with ordinary care a person would have no difficulty in embarking or disembarking at the landing without danger.

A contract was authorized with the Library Bureau to equip the vault for the school department. A communication from B. Morgan regarding the condition of Tew's court was referred to the street commissioner. A complaint of one junk dealer against his former partner was referred to Alderman Hughes for investigation.

There was a special meeting of the Newport Improvement Association Monday morning, called for the purpose of taking action on the lecture delivered by Professor John W. Burgess, which had attracted much attention. Mr. George L. Rives said that in city affairs, all persons owning property ought to be allowed to vote, regardless of their legal residence, and suggested that this be incorporated in the amended constitution of the State. A committee consisting of W. P. Sheffield, J. W. Burgess, George L. Peabody, Henry Redmond, Rev. Roderick Terry, Admiral Chadwick and Arthur Curtiss James was appointed to secure this amendment if possible. Col. Willard spoke of the dumping of the house offal at sea, but no formal action was taken.

Mr. Cornelius C. Moore, secretary of the Board of Health, has been granted leave of absence until January 1st, in order to allow him to take a special course in the University of New York.

Emancipation Celebrated.

The fiftieth anniversary of the emancipation of the negro was fittingly observed at Mt. Zion A. M. E. Church on Monday evening under the auspices of committees of colored residents of the city who had worked indefatigably to make the celebration a success. Their efforts resulted in a notable observance of the anniversary, many eloquent speakers paying high tribute to the memory of the man who brought about this epoch in the racial life of the negro. The hall was attractively decorated with pictures and relics of the life fifty years before, among them being a splendid picture of the late Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

Mr. D. B. Allen, chairman of the committee of arrangements, presented Rev. T. Wellington Henderson as master of ceremonies. Rev. W. T. Hall of Philadelphia offered prayer and Rev. C. L. Miller read the Emancipation Proclamation. Mayor William MacLeod was next presented and made an interesting address showing the wonderful progress that the colored race has made in the last fifty years, overcoming apparently insurmountable obstacles.

Mr. Edwin B. Jourdain of New Bedford, who is always a popular speaker in Newport, gave an eloquent address on the colored race and the tremendous strides that it has made as a race. The next speaker was Lieutenant Governor Roswell B. Burchard, whose oration was a thrilling picture of the struggles of Abraham Lincoln to bring about a compensated emancipation, which resulted in failure; then of the opposition that was manifested to his formal proclamation of emancipation, but of his selection of the proper moment to declare the freedom of the slaves.

Commander William B. Bailey of Lawton-Warren Post spoke briefly, and Mr. W. H. Jackson read letters of regret from several invited guests.

St. George's School.

At the annual meeting of the trustees of St. George's School held on Saturday afternoon, Rt. Rev. James D'Wolf Perry, Bishop of Rhode Island, was elected president; Rev. John B. Diman headmaster; and Edward Sturtevant secretary and treasurer. A vacancy on the board of trustees, caused by the death of Mr. Hugh D. Auchincloss, was filled by the election of Mr. F. P. Bush of Columbus, Ohio, who has long taken a great interest in the school. The board of trustees now consists of Messrs. George Gordon King, Julien T. Davies, Frederick Rhinelander King, and F. P. Bush.

The school re-opened on Wednesday after the summer vacation, there being nearly 125 boys enrolled. Considerable improvement has been made to the buildings and grounds during the summer, and the new athletic field is now in splendid condition. There is considerable talk of the school securing the Julien T. Davies property on Purgatory road to be added to the school property. The house has not been occupied this summer and in fact Mr. Davies has not occupied it for several summers. It is a very fine piece of property and would be a very valuable acquisition for the school.

The fire department had a long run Tuesday evening, although some of the apparatus was turned back before reaching the box. Shortly after six o'clock a still called Chemical No. 2 and Hose 3 to a lot on Coggeshall avenue where a haystack was on fire. After another stack had caught, as there were not sufficient men on hand to do the necessary work, the box alarm was struck, but the recall sounded in a few moments. The total loss was two hay stacks belonging to William Anthony.

The marriage of Miss May Van Alen and Mr. Griswold A. Thompson took place on Wednesday at the residence of Mrs. George Ogilvy Haig in London. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson will sail at once for the United States and are expected to come to Newport for the fall season, occupying Mr. Van Alen's handsome residence, "Wakehurst." The bride is well known in Newport, having spent many seasons here with her father, Mr. James J. Van Alen.

A large number of Newporters will go to Providence on Sunday to take part in the annual Holy Name parade to be held in that city. In addition to the paraders there will be many go as spectators, and a special steamer will be run from this city. It is expected that there will be 30,000 in the line.

There was an unusual operation of skin-grafting at the Newport Hospital this week, a father sacrificing a large amount of his skin for the sake of his son who was very badly burned some weeks ago in a gasoline fire.

Rt. Rev. James H. Darlington and Mrs. Darlington have closed their Newport residence on Catherine street and returned to their winter home in Harrisburg, Pa.

Best Cottage Burned.

The first serious fire in several months broke out at an early hour Thursday morning, when the attractive cottage of Mrs. Clermont Livingston Best, at the corner of Bellevue avenue and Perry street, was badly gutted, the damage to building and contents running up into the thousands. Mrs. Best and her daughter, Mrs. Carroll, as well as a servant, were able to escape in the early stages of the fire, but were unable to save any of their possessions. It is probable that the fire started from defective flues as fires had been built in two open fireplaces during the previous day.

It was about 1.00 o'clock Thursday morning that Mrs. Carroll awoke to find the house full of smoke. She quickly awakened her mother and a colored servant, and then telephoned to fire department headquarters. A still alarm was at first sent in, but a box alarm soon followed.

When the apparatus arrived flames were bursting through the roof, and much of the interior of the house was ablaze. Much water had to be used and this of course quickly worked down through the lower stories, doing much damage to the valuable furnishings. It did not take long to quell the fury of the flames, after the streams of water were turned on, but it meant long slow work to make sure that all the embers were extinguished, as the fire had worked between partitions and into the many gables of the roof. When the firemen had finished their work the interior of the house presented a disheartening spectacle, and it will be some time before repairs can be made to put it into condition for occupancy.

"Inglenook," the Best residence, is a wooden cottage, of rather rambling style of architecture, the roof presenting many angles. It has been owned and occupied by Mrs. Best, who is the widow of Col. Clermont Livingston Best, of the United States Army. Her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Carroll, spends much of her time with her mother, and it was very fortunate that she was there at this time. Except for her timely awakening, the results might have been much more serious.

Mrs. Best and Mrs. Carroll took refuge in the Spanish Embassy next door, until after the fire was extinguished, when they went to spend the remainder of the night with Mrs. Theodore F. Kane.

Recent Deaths.

Abraham T. Anthony.

Mr. Abraham T. Anthony died at his home on Coggeshall avenue Thursday evening, death being quite sudden. He had not been in the best of health for some time but his illness had not been regarded as serious until a short time before his death.

Mr. Anthony was born in Newport a little more than sixty-eight years ago and had spent his entire life here. He was engaged in farming in the southern section of the city. He was well known throughout the city and had a great many friends. He took an active interest in Republican politics but had never held public office.

He is survived by a widow, who was Miss Fanny Slade. His first wife, who was Miss Marion Rebecca Ball of Block Island, died several years ago. They had one son, Mr. Benjamin M. Anthony, who survives.

Mrs. James P. Kernochan has returned to New York for the winter after closing her Newport residence on Marine avenue.

Bean's School Again.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA,
September 2nd, 1913.

ROBERT S. FRANKLIN, ESQ.,
Newport, R. I.

My dear old friend:—I have to thank you for a great pleasure you have given me in the list of the boys in Bean's School which I read in a late MERCURY. I had no idea that there were so many left, small as the list seems in contrast to the seventy who sat in those seats so many years since. I wonder what use we have been to the world. Up in the Cemetery flags mark those who fought for their country and so helped to build the nation; we are proud of them. It would be interesting to get at the history of all. Mr. Bean did make us learn. I was not one of the bright ones and did not do him much credit I am afraid. He was a good teacher. How much came to my mind as I read over the list—the pleasant friendships, some lasting many years and others ending so soon after "school was out." We who are left will have to be busy if we are to "make any marks" before school closes.

To me it has been a happy life and I never dreamed it would have lasted so many years. There have been many experiences. The faces of the merry boys often come up to me—Bill McGregor, Fludder, the dear lovely Christian Richard Hazard—we boys did not then give much thought to those things that he liked. But he ripened early and it wont be long before the last ten will pass over the river and "learn the deep meaning of things that have been."

Thanking you again and with kind regards,

Yours truly,
JOHN STEVENS.

Superior Court.

The October session of the Superior Court for Newport County will open in this city on Monday, October 6, and it is expected that the term will be one of the longest and busiest in many years. There are many cases for trial in both the civil and criminal dockets. There will be more cases for the grand jury to consider than for a number of years, many defendants having been bound over by the lower court to await the action of the grand jury. At some sessions the business for the grand jury is almost perfunctory, but that will not be true this time and it would not be surprising if the grand jury should sit for several days.

There have been many civil cases marked for trial at this term of court, and it is probable that many more assignments will be made on the opening day. In addition there are many new cases which make the docket a longer one than usual.

Among the new cases on the docket are the following:

Civil Actions.

Ernest Weston vs. Mrs. Herbert Northup.
John M. Friend vs. Marco A. Russo.
Roland E. Arter vs. Timothy F. Sullivan et al.
Patrick J. McCafferty vs. Vito Vincent Gerardi alias.
Ann Sheehan vs. John H. Sullivan.
Cassius O. Ball vs. Henry K. Littlefield et al.
James H. Almy vs. Alfred Peckham alias John Doe.
City Steam Laundry Co. vs. Michael F. Murray.
Margaret A. Rooney vs. Frank T. Horrocks.
Timothy P. Mahoney vs. Mrs. Balestini.
John P. Fritz vs. John J. Donovan, 2 cases.
John H. Mustard vs. The William Leys Dry Goods Co.
Hoyt Rowe Shoe Co. vs. Benjamin Newton.
William P. Smith vs. John A. Hathaway.
Newport National Bank vs. James A. Greene et al.
New England Iron Works Co. vs. Newport Foundry and Machine Co.
John P. Fritz vs. Ainsworth B. Cochrane.
Isaac Newman vs. Charles L. Pryor.
Mary H. Dickerson vs. Harry E. Sherburne.
Joseph A. Donnelly vs. B. Yonine alias.
Henry Biesel & Son vs. Paul Andrews.
Daisie Maxfield vs. Moses David.

Complaints.

The following are defendants in complaint cases:

Antonio Papa, Joseph Pernl, Annie Faren, Harry Teitz, Patrick Morrissey, James Reagan, Nathaniel B. Steward, Alfred D. McGrow, James T. Earl and John Caulfield.

Divorce.

Josephine B. Cook vs. Joseph A. Cook.
Eileen Cook vs. Charles H. Cook.
Louise J. Hartzell vs. George H. Hartzell.
Harry C. Fechtmiller vs. Adeline Fechtmiller.
Lillian L. Williams vs. Rufus B. Williams.
Gertrude M. West vs. Frederick E. West.
Ed-ina Margaret Grady vs. William Francis Grady.
Annie Johnson vs. Hibbert O. Johnson.
Katherine L. Harrington vs. John J. Harrington.
Amelia M. Jacobson vs. Charles Jacobson.
Sibyl P. Whitehead vs. John E. Whitehead.
Jennie S. Frink vs. Harlan A. Frink.
Maria C. da Rosa vs. Vincent I. da Rosa.
Gertrude A. Sanford vs. Charles F. Sanford.
Thomas E. Flaherty vs. Daisy S. Flaherty.
Josephine I. Hendy vs. Henry S. Hendy.

Equity.

Charles H. Koehne, Jr., trustee, vs. Peter Beattie et als.
Catherine V. Howard vs. Donald D. McPhail.
Abraham Manchester, extr., vs. Edwin O. Smith et alias.
Ella V. Boss vs. Edna T. Daniels et al.
Mary Lloyd Pendleton Abney vs. Florence Adele Vanderbilt Twombly.
C. Hammett Rogers vs. Robert L. Boss.

Miscellaneous.

Walter F. Dyer vs. Louis F. LeDoux.

The following have been summoned to serve as jurors during the October session:

Grand—Edward A. Peckham, laborer; William J. Payson, horseshoer; Charles E. Morrison, clerk; Walter S. Bliven, boat builder; William J. Connell, laborer; George A. Wood, jeweller; George A. Peckham, driver; Winfield H. White, grocer; Ellery E. Viall, driver; George O. Lovinggood, clerk; William H. Shields, painter; Peter J. Palmer, boatman.

Petit—Rowland S. Langley, driver; Pemberton H. Powel, gentleman; George N. Durfee, Jr., motorman; Daniel C. Rickett, laborer; Charles A. Mickler, driver; John Powers, buyer; John Pearson, Jr., mason; John F. P. Peterson, wood carver; Charles Peterson, coachman; Hugh N. Gifford; clerk; James G. Albro, 2d, clerk; Florence F. Sullivan, machinist; James P. Lancaster, fish dealer; Fred A. Perkins, driver; Charles Strother, farmer; Joseph S. Nunes, laborer; Thomas J. Murphy, butcher; William J. Berry, horse trainer; George L. Jenkins, driver; Armstead Hurley, painter; William B. Caswell, painter; Stephen Ganes, clerk.

Newport County Fair.

Great Display of Cattle—By Far the Largest and Best Exhibits Ever Shown on the Grounds—Baby Health Contest on Opening Day a Pleasing Feature.

The Newport County Agricultural Society opened its sixteenth annual fair on Tuesday, continuing four days. The enlarging of the grounds, by adding two fields on the north, was greatly appreciated by all who are interested in this organization. The additional space was used for the parking of automobiles and carriages and a few tents were also pitched in the same location.

The principal event of the opening day was the Baby Health contest, in charge of Mrs. George H. Waring, at 10 o'clock. The dressing room of the Fair theatre was the place selected for the 78 babies to be undressed and tested by 10 physicians, selected for this work. They were Drs. Henry W. Burnett, a baby specialist from Boston; McCarty of Fall River, Stinson and Bryant of Tiverton, Borden of Adamsville, Jacoby, Sullivan, Butler and Baldwin of Newport, Brennan of Little Compton, DeBlois of Portsmouth, Roach, baby specialist of Boston, and King, orthopedic specialist of Fall River. The score cards of ten of the 78 babies registered 99 per cent.

This contest is more than a mere exhibition of babies—it is strictly up-to-date in the matter of health and care of babies. It is endorsed by the New York milk committee, Dr. G. R. Pisek, medical director. District Nurse Miss Mowatt of Newport gave demonstrations of washing and dressing a baby.

The prize winners in the Baby Contest were as follows:

Under One Year.

1—James Joseph Kenny, 3 Johnson court, 99.7 per cent.
2—Margaret Mary Jarves, 26 Callender avenue, 99.6 per cent.
3—Esther Josephine Adamson, 80 Golden Hill street, 99.5 per cent.
4—Cameron H. Spingler, 29 East Bowery street, 99.4 per cent.
All these belong in Newport.

One Year to Two Years.

1—William H. Harvey, 9 Hall avenue, Newport, 99.5 per cent.
2—John F. Murphy, Portsmouth, 99.4 per cent.
3—Helen C. Berry, Middletown, 99.3 per cent.
4—Victoria G. Ellenberg, 25 Thurston avenue, Newport, 99.2 per cent.

Two to Three Years.

1—Bernice H. Wood, 82 Mill street, Newport, 99.7 per cent.
2—Elsie M. Rimmer, Tiverton, 99.5 per cent.
3—Louise Clark, Tiverton, 99.2 per cent.
4—John Wilhelm Nelson, 401 Broadway, Newport, 98.9 per cent.

At 2 o'clock there was a horse show in the show ring, the Seventh Regiment Band furnishing the music. The prizes were awarded as follows:

Pair of gentleman's driving horses, 1st, Mr. Aaron Richardson, of Jamestown; lady's driving horse, driven by a lady, 1st, Mrs. William M. Hughes, Portsmouth. Sandy Point farm exhibited four hackney stallions, which did not compete for prizes, but received much admiration. At 7 o'clock there was a moving picture show in the theatre and at 7.30 the Gould-Rice company, of Providence, gave a performance which was greatly enjoyed.

There was an unusual display of booths on the grounds this year. William H. McLoughlin of Bristol, R. I., had a very small pony and its mother in a tent. The little animal, named Tiny-Mite, was perfectly developed, weighed 22 pounds and stood 19 inches high. The mother, Ruth, weighed 250 pounds and stood 30 inches high.

LeClair and Lewis had a large tent and gave a pony, dog and monkey show. They also had a small menagerie of porcupine, weasel, fox, wolf and fawn, two good sized bears, an alligator 25 years old and some snakes.

A large booth of sofa pillows and Indian blankets attracted much patronage each day.

Mr. Rich of Boston, a familiar figure at the Fair for years, was again on hand and had a stand where one shot for prizes and he conducted a "jewel hoopla" table.

Thomas and Brazil of Portsmouth had a booth for "Ring-a-la," where both the young and old were trying their luck.

St. Mary's Choir Guild had a tent, where they served sandwiches, coffee, tea, pie, cake, etc.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church also had a similar luncheon each day in a tent opposite St. Mary's.

There were exhibitions of the Ford automobile and the Dart automobile truck.

In the main building on the lower floor dinner and supper were served during the week and a Humane Booth was located in the entrance hall, where a bountiful supply of literature was found for all interested in this work. This is the work that Miss Sarah J. Eddy of Bristol Ferry is deeply interested in. It was in charge of Mrs. A. O. Freeman and Mrs. George S. Martin of New York and Bristol Ferry.

The State Board of Education exhibited a free library called the Rhode Island Travelling Library. The object is to place a free library within easy reach of people living in country districts.

On Wednesday afternoon there was a showing of pure breed horses in the ring. A grand stand had been erected to seat 160, but it was inadequate to seat the people. Sixteen horses made a circuit of the ring each led by a groom, 15 of this number belonging to Mr. H. A. C. Taylor (Glen Farm) and one to Mr. J. Alton Barker. The stallion Glasialtch led and cheers were heard all over the grounds. He was awarded a blue ribbon. For brood mares, Priceless Pearl took the first prize, Gypsy Maid the second and F. H. Pride the third. Of the Glen Farm colts over three years Wattie's Pride took the blue ribbon; of colts one to three years old, Lady Gentive the blue and Lady Lusterzr the red; colts one year old, Blue Bell 1st, under one year, No Name first. Glen Farm stallion, No Name first.

The Avon Musical Club furnished the entertainment in the theatre, preceded by moving pictures.

Many changes are noticed about the grounds this year, and more especially in the department for cattle, sheep and swine. Many of the old pens have been replaced by new ones and some new ones added, but still there was not room enough and the horse stalls had to be used to accommodate the surplus stock. Mr. Joshua Coggeshall, superintendent of this department, stated that there were 100 head of horned stock at the fair—an increase of 25 per cent. over last year.

In every department there seems to be a wonderful increase of entries and it would seem that before many years the Fair will have to add much more land to accommodate the entries and the people. Nothing but praise was heard on every hand. Mr. I. Lincoln Sherman deserves much credit for his untiring efforts in making this Fair each year what it is. He has a splendid corps of assistants, but being president of the association the greater responsibility falls upon him and he certainly is the right man in the right place. His is a very trying position, but he favors none and is fair to one and all.

FLOWERS.

The Wilson Nursery, of Middletown, had an exceptionally fine exhibit of shrubbery.

Thomas E. Brayton had a splendid display of Caladium.

Mr. Fred P. Webber had a fine display of dahlias.

Mr. John B. Urquhart of Newport had some beautiful American Beauty roses, 2 vases of cut roses and some handsome seedling dahlias.

IN THE ANNEX.

James H. Barney, Jr., & Co. were on hand as usual and exhibited sheet music, pianos, Victor talking machines, and pianolas. They gave souvenirs to visitors. Mr. Edgar Kerr was in charge.

The Newport Paper and Grocery Company had a special exhibit of canned goods, in charge of Mr. Luison.

The Newport County Agricultural Society had a table of dolls, etc.

Miss Sarah Watts sold some splendid home made candy and at times the word "sold out" was heard.

James A. Eddy had his usual exhibit of flour.

Mrs. Benjamin Barker, who has been at the Fair for many years, was on hand selling salted peanuts, pop corn, etc.

D. B. Hanson of Revere Beach, manufacturer of all kinds of jewelry, had an attractive booth.

The electrical exhibit of the Bay State Street Railway Company, Illuminating Department, was out of the ordinary, and the people showed their interest in articles that can be used by electricity. The demonstrators were Charles E. Preble and Miss N. A. Carr of Pettengill-Andrews Co. of Boston. Mr. E. P. Gosling superintendent of the Illuminating Department of the Bay State Street Railway Company of Newport, was general manager.

Mrs. E. M. Pike, of Newport had an exhibition of leather goods.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES AND ART.

The following is a list of some first premiums awarded in these departments:

Miss Emily Greene, Sofa pillow.
Miss Emily Greene, Sofa pillow.
Mrs. Isaac Chase, Jr., Sofa pillow.
Mrs. Isaac Chase, Jr., Sofa pillow.
Miss Julia M. Lopez, Sofa pillow of unusual design, made of heads of animals, Indians, etc.
Mrs. C. W. Coulston, Sofa pillow.
Grace Holman, Sofa pillow.
Mrs. Rose Correia, Drawn Pillow cases.
Mrs. Annie Dennis, Bureau Scarf.
Miss Alice Chase, Colored Embroidered Center piece.
Miss Helen L. Stoddard, Cross Stitch Towel.
Miss Helen L. Stoddard, Fancy collar.
Mrs. Hannah Sisson, Tatting.
Margaret Holman, Embroidered night dress.

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE)

REX BEACH ADVENTURE STORIES

The Test

By REX BEACH

Copyright by McClure, Phillips & Co.

PIERRE "FEROCE" showed disapproval in his every attitude as plainly as disgust peered from the seams in his dark face. It lurked in his scowl and in the curl of his long rawhide that bit among the sled dogs. So at least thought Willard as he clung to the swinging sledge.

They were skirting the coast, keeping to the glare ice, wind swept and clean, that lay outside the jumbled shore pack. The team ran silently in the free gait of the gray wolf, romping in harness from pure joy of motion and the intoxication of perfect life, making the sled runners whine like the song of a cutlass.

This route is dangerous, of course, from hidden cracks in the floes, and most travelers hug the bluffs, but he who rides with Pierre "Feroce" takes chances. It was this that had won him the name of "Wild" Pierre, the most reckless, tireless man of the trails, a scoffer at peril, bolting through danger with rush and frenzy, overcoming sheerly by vigor those obstacles which destroy strong men in the north.

The power that pulsed within him gleamed from his eyes, rang in his song, showed in the aggressive thrust of his sensual face.

This particular morning, however, Pierre's distemper had crystallized into a great contempt for his companion. Of all trials the most detestable is to hit the trail with half a man, a pale, anaemic weakling like this stranger.

Though modest in the extent of his learning, Pierre gloated in a freedom of speech the which no man dared deny him. He turned to eye his companion cynically for a second time, and contempt was patent in his gaze. Willard appeared slender and pallid in his furs, though his clear cut features spoke a certain strength and much refinement.

"Bah! I t'ink you dam poor feller!" he said finally. "'Ow you going stan' thees trip, eh? She's need beeg mans, not leetle runt like you."

Amusement at this frankness glimmered in Willard's eyes.

"You're like all ignorant people. You think in order to stand hardship a man should be able to toss a sack of flour in his teeth or juggle a cask of salt horse."

"Sure t'ing," grinned Pierre. "That's right. Look at me. Mebbe you hear 'bout Pierre 'Feroce' some time, eh?"

"Oh, yes; everybody knows you. Knows you're a big bully. I've seen you drink a quart of this wood alcohol they call whisky up here and then jump the bar from a stand, but you're all animal—you haven't refinement and the culture that makes real strength. It's the mind that makes us stand punishment."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Canadian. "W'at a funny talk! She'll take the heducate man for stan' the col', eh? Mon Dieu!" He roared again till the sled dogs turned fearful glances backward and husky tails drooped under the weight of their fright. Great noise came oftenest with great rage from Pierre, and they had too frequently felt them both to forget.

"Yes; you haven't the mentality. Some time you'll use up your physical resources and go to pieces like a burned wick."

Pierre was greatly amused. His yellow teeth shone, and he gave vent to violent mirth as, following the thought, he pictured a naked mind wandering over the hills with the quicksilver at 60 degrees.

"Did you ever see a six day race? Of course not. You barbarians haven't sunk to the level of our dissolute east, where we joy in Roman spectacles. But if you had you'd see it's will that wins; it's the man that eats his soul by inches. The educated soldier stands the campaign best. You run too much to muscle. You're not balanced."

"I t'ink mebbe you'll 'ave chance for show 'im, thees stout will of yours. She's going be long 'mush' troo the mountains, plentee snow, plentee cold."

Although Pierre's ridicule was galling, Willard felt the charm of the morning too strongly to admit of anger or to argue his pet theory.

The sun, brilliant and cold, lent a paradoxical cheerfulness to the desolation, and, though never a sign of life broke the stillness around them, the beauty of the scintillant, gleaming mountains, distinct as cameos, that guarded the bay, appealed to him with the strange attraction of the arctics—that attraction that calls and calls insistently till men forsake God's country for its mystery.

He breathed the biting air cleaned by leagues of lifeless barrens and voids of crackling frost till he ached with the exhilaration of a perfect morning on the Circle.

Also before him undulated the grandest string of dogs the coast had known. Seven there were, tall and gray, with tails like plumes, which none but Pierre could lay hand upon, fierce and fearless as their master. He drove with the killing cruelty of a stampeder, and they loved him.

"You say you have grub cached at the old Indian hut on the Good Hope?" questioned Willard.

"Sure! Five poun' bacon, leetle flour and rice. I cache one gum boot, too, ha! Good thing for make fire queeck, eh?"

"You bet! An old rubber boot comes handy when it's too cold to make shavings."

Leaving the coast, they ascended a deep and tortuous river where the snow lay thick and soft. One man on snowshoes broke trail for the dogs till they reached the foothills. It was hard work, but infinitely preferable to that which followed, for now they came into a dangerous stretch of overflows. The stream, frozen to its bed, clogged the passage of the spring water beneath, forcing it up through cracks till it spread over the solid ice, forming pools and sheets covered with treacherous ice skins. Wet feet are fatal to man and beast, and they made laborious detours, wallowing trails through tangled willows waist deep in the snow smother or clinging precariously to the overhanging bluffs. As they reached the river's source the sky blackened suddenly and great clouds of snow rushed over the bleak hills, boiling down into the valley with a furious draft. They flung up their flimsy tent only to have it flattened by the force of the gale, that cut like well honed steel. Frozen spots leaped out white on their faces, while their hands stiffened ere they could fasten the guy strings.

Finally, having lashed the tent bottom to the protruding willow tops, by grace of heavy lifting they strained their flapping shelter up sufficiently to crawl within.

"By gar! She's blow hup ver' queeck!" yelled Pierre as he set the ten pound sheet iron stove, its pipe swaying drunkenly with the heaving tent.

"Good t'ing she hit us in the brush." He spoke as calmly as though danger was distant, and a moment later the little box was roaring with its oil soaked kindlings.

"Will this stove burn green willow tops?" cried Willard.

"Sure! She's good stove. She'll burn icicles eef you get 'im start one times. See 'im get red?"

They rubbed the stiff spots from their cheeks; then, seizing the ax, Willard crawled forth into the storm and dug at the base of the gnarled bushes. Occasionally a shrub assumed the proportions of a man's wrist, but rarely. Gathering an armful, he bore them inside, and, twisting the tips into withes, he fed the fire. The frozen twigs sizzled and snapped, threatening to fail utterly, but with much blowing he sustained a blaze sufficient to melt a pot of snow. Boiling was out of the question, but the tea leaves became soaked and the bacon cauterized.

Pierre freed and fed the dogs. Each gulped its dried salmon and, curling in the lee of the tent, was quickly drifted over. Next he cut blocks from the solid bottom snow and built a barricade to windward. Then he accumulated a mow of willow tops without the tent fly. All the time the wind blew down the valley like the breath of a giant bellows.

"Supper!" shouted Willard, and as Pierre crawled into the candlelight he found him squatted, fur bundled, over the stove, which settled steadily into the snow, melting its way downward toward a firmer foundation.

The heat was insufficient to thaw the frozen sweat in his clothes; his

"Somebody going ketch 'ell."

eyes were bleary and wet from smoke, and his nose needed continuous blowing, but he spoke pleasantly, a fact which Pierre noted with approval.

"We'll need a habeas corpus for this stove if you don't get something to hold her up, and I might state, if it's worthy of mention, that your nose is frozen again."

Pierre brought an armful of stones from the creek edge, distributing them beneath the stove on a bed of twisted willows; then, swallowing their scanty, half cooked food, they crawled, shivering, into the deerskin sleeping bags that animal heat might dry their clammy garments.

Four days the wind roared and the ice filings poured over their shelter while they huddled beneath. When one travels on rations delay is dangerous. Each morning, dragging themselves out into the maelstrom, they took sticks and poked into the drifts for dogs. Each animal as found was exhumed, given a fish and became straightway reburied in the whirling white that seethed down from the mountains.

On the fifth, without warning, the storm died and the air stilled to a perfect silence.

"These dog had froze," said Pierre, swearing earnestly as he harnessed. "I don' like eet much. They going play hout, I'm 'fraid." He knelt and chewed from between their toes the ice pellets that had accumulated. A malamoot is hard pressed to let his feet mass, and this added to the men's uneasiness.

As they mounted the great divide mountains rolled away on every hand, barren, desolate, marble white, always the whiteness, always the listening silence that oppressed like a weight. Myriads of creek valleys radiated below in a bewildering maze of twisting seams.

"Those are the Ass' Ears, I suppose," said Willard, gazing at two great fangs that bit deep into the sky line. "Is it true that no man has ever reached them?"

"Yes; the Hinjun say that's w'ere hail the storm come from, bleeause, w'en the win' blow troo the ass' ear, look out! Somebody going ketch 'ell."

Dogs' feet wear quickly after freezing, for crusted snow cuts like a knife. Spots of blood showed in their tracks, growing more plentiful till every print was a crimson stain. They limped pitifully on their raw pads, and occasionally one whined. At every step they sank in track, licking their lacerated paws, rising only at the cost of much whipping.

On the second night, faint and starved, they reached the hut. Digging away the drifts, they crawled inside to find it half full of snow—snow which had sifted through the crevices. Pierre groped among the shadows and swore excitedly.

"What's up?" said Willard.

Vocal effort of the simplest is exhausting when spent with hunger, and these were the first words he had spoken for hours.

"By gar, she's gone! Somebody stole my grub!"

Willard felt a terrible sinking, and his stomach cried for food.

"How far is it to the Crooked River Roadhouse?"

"One long day drive—forty mile."

"We must make it tomorrow or go hungry, eh? Well, this isn't the first dogfish I ever ate." Both men gnawed a moldy dried salmon from their precious store.

As Willard removed his footgear he groaned.

"W'at's the matt'ire?"

"I froze my foot two days ago—snowshoe strap too tight." He exhibited a heel, from which, in removing his inner sock, the flesh and skin had come away.

"That's all right," grinned Pierre. "You got the beeg will lef' yet. It take the heducate man for stan' the col', you know."

Willard gritted his teeth.

They awoke to the whine of a gray windstorm that swept the cutting snow in swirling clouds and made travel a madness. The next day was worse.

Two days of hunger weigh heavy when the cold weakens, and they grew gaunt and fell away in their features.

"I'm glad we've got another feed for the dogs," remarked Willard. "We can't let them run hungry, even if we do."

"I t'ink she's be hall right tomor'," ventured Pierre. "Thees ain't snow—jus' win'; bimeby all blow hout. Sacre! I'll can eat 'nuff fore 'ole harmy."

For days both men had been cold, and the sensation of complete warmth had come to seem strange and unreal, while their faces cracked where the spots had been.

Willard felt himself on the verge of collapse. He recalled his words about strong men, gazing the while at Pierre. The Canadian evinced suffering only in the haggard droop of eye and mouth; otherwise he looked strong and dogged.

Willard felt his own features had shrunk to a mask of loose jawed suffering, and he set his mental sinews, muttering to himself.

He was dizzy and faint as he stretched himself in the still morning air upon waking and hobbled painfully, but as his companion emerged from the darkened shelter into the crystalline brightness he forgot his own misery at sight of him. The big man reeled as though struck when the dazzle from the hills reached him, and he moaned, shielding his sight. Snow blindness had found him in a night.

Slowly they plodded out of the valley, for hunger gnawed acutely, and they left a trail of blood tracks from the dogs. It took the combined efforts of both men to lash them to foot after each pause. Thus progress was slow and fraught with agony.

As they rose near the pass miles of arctic wastes bared themselves. All about towered bald domes, while everywhere stretched the monotonous white, the endless snow unbroken by tree or shrub, pallid and menacing, maddening to the eye.

"Thank God, the worst's over!" sighed Willard, flinging himself on to the sled. "We'll make it to the summit next time; then she's downhill all the way to the roadhouse."

Pierre said nothing.

Away to the northward glimmered the Ass' Ears, and as the speaker eyed them carelessly he noted gauzy shreds and streamers veiling their tops. The phenomena interested him, for he knew that here must be wind—wind, the terror of the bleak tundra, the hopeless, merciless master of the barrens! However, the distant range beneath the twin peaks showed clear cut and distinct against the sky, and he did not mention the occurrence to the guide, although he recalled the words of the Indians, "Beware of the wind through the Ass' Ears."

Again they labored up the steep slope, wallowing in the sliding snow, straining silently at the load; again they threw themselves exhausted upon it. Now, as he eyed the panorama below, it seemed to have suffered a subtle change, indefinable and odd. Although but a few minutes had elapsed, the coast mountains no longer loomed clear against the horizon, and his visual range appeared foreshortened, as though the utter distances had lengthened, bringing closer the edge of things. The twin peaks seemed endlessly distant and hazy, while the air had thickened as though congested with possibilities lending a remoteness to the landscape.

"If it blows up on us here, we're gone," he thought, "for it's miles to shelter, and we're right in the saddle of the hills."

Pierre, half blinded as he was, arose uneasily and cast the air like a wild beast, his great head thrown back, his nostrils quivering.

"I smell the win'," he cried. "Mon Dieu! She's goin' blow!"

A volatile pennant floated out from a nearby peak, hanging about its crest like faint smoke. Then along the brow of the pass writhed a wisp of drifting, twisting flakelets, idling hither and yon, ecstatic and aimless, settling in a hollow. They sensed a thrill and rustle to the air, though never a breath had touched them; then, as they mounted higher, a draft fanned them, icy as interstellar space. The view from the summit was grotesquely distorted, and, glancing upward, they found the guardian peaks had gone a-smoke with clouds of snow that whirled confusedly, while an increasing breath sucked over the summit, stronger each second. Dry snow began to rustle slothfully about their feet. So swiftly were the changes wrought that before the mind had grasped their import the storm was on them, roaring down from every side, swooping out of the boiling sky, a raging blast from the voids of sunless space.

Pierre's shouts as he slashed at the sled lashings were snatched from his lips in scattered scraps. He dragged forth the whipping tent and threw himself upon it with the sleeping bags. Having cut loose the dogs, Willard crawled within his sack, and they drew the flapping canvas over them. The air was twilight and heavy with efflorescent granules that hurtled past in a drone.

They removed their outer garments that the fur might fold closer against them and lay exposed to the full hate of the gale. They hoped to be drifted over, but no snow could lodge in this hurricane, and it sifted past, dry and sharp, eddying out a bare place wherein they lay. Thus the wind drove the chill to their bones bitterly.

An unnourished human body responds but weakly, so, vitiated by their fast and labors, their suffering smote them with tenfold cruelty.

All night the north wind shouted, and, as the next day waned with its violence undiminished, the frost crept in upon them till they rolled and tossed shivering. Twice they essayed to crawl out, but were driven back to cower for endless, hopeless hours.

It is in such black, aimless times that thought becomes distorted. Willard felt his mind wandering through bleak dreams and tortured fancies, always to find himself harping on his early argument with Pierre, "It's the mind that counts." Later he roused to the fact that his knees, where they pressed against the bag, were frozen; also his feet were numb and senseless. In his acquired consciousness he knew that along the course of his previous mental vagary lay madness, and the need of action bore upon him imperatively.

He shouted to his mate, but "Wild" Pierre seemed strangely apathetic.

"We've got to run for it at daylight. We're freezing. Here; hold on! What are you doing? Wait for daylight!" Pierre had scrambled stiffly out of his cover, and his gabblings reached Willard. He raised a clinched fist into the darkness of the streaming night, cursing horribly with words that appalled the other.

"Man, man! Don't curse your God! This is bad enough as it is. Cover up. Quick!"

Although apparently unmindful of his presence, the other crawled back muttering.

As the dim morning grayed the smother they rose and fought their way downward toward the valley. Long since they had lost their griping hunger and now held only an apathetic indifference to food, with a cringing dread of the cold and a stubborn sense of their extreme necessity.

They fell many times, but gradually drew themselves more under control, the exercise suscitating them as they staggered downward, blinded and buffeted, their only hope the roadhouse.

Willard marveled dully at the change in Pierre. His face had shriveled to blackened freezes stretched upon a bony substructure and lighted by feverish, glittering, black, black eyes. It seemed to him that his own lagging body had long since failed and that his aching, naked soul wandered stiffly through the endless day. As night approached Pierre stopped frequently, propping himself with legs far apart; sometimes he laughed. Invariably this horrible sound shocked Willard into a keener sense of the surroundings, and it grew to irritate him, for the Frenchman's mental wanderings increased with the darkness. What made him rouse one with his awful laughter? These spells of walking insensibility were pleasanter far. At last the big man fell. To Willard's mechanical endeavors to help he spoke sleepily, but with the sanity of a man under great stress.

"Dat no good. I'm going freeze right 'ere—freeze stiff as 'ell. Au revoir."

"Get up!" Willard kicked him weakly, then sat upon the prostrate man as his own faculties went wandering.

Eventually he roused and, digging into the snow, buried the other, first covering his face with the ample parka hood. Then he struck down the valley. In one lucid spell he found he had followed a sled trail which was blown clear and distinct by the wind that had now almost died away.

Occasionally his mind grew clear, and his pains beat in upon him till he grew furious at the life in him which refused to end, which forced him ever through this gantlet of misery. More often he was conscious only of a vague and terrible extremity outside of himself that goaded him forever forward. Anon he strained to recollect his destination. His features had set in an implacable grimace of physical torture, like a runner in the fury of a finish, till the frost hardened them so. At times he fell heavily, face downward, and at length upon the trail, lying so till that omnipresent coercion that had frozen in his brain drove him forward.

He heard his own voice maundering through lifeless lips like that of a stranger, "The man that can eat his soul will win, Pierre."

Sometimes he cried like a child and slaver ran from his open mouth, freezing at his breast. One of his hands was going dead. He stripped the left mitten off and drew it laboriously over the right. One he would save at least, even though he lost the other. He looked at the bare member dully, and

"I'm going freeze right 'ere."

he could not tell that the cold had eased till the bitterness was nearly out of the air. He labored with the fitful spurts of a machine run down.

* * * * * * *

Ten men and many dogs lay together in the Crooked River Roadhouse through the storm. At late bedtime of the last night came a scratching on the door.

"Somebody's left a dog outside," said a teamster and rose to let him in. He opened the door only to retreat affrightedly.

"My God!" he said. "My God!" And the miners crowded forward.

A figure tottered over the portal, swaying drunkenly. They shuddered at the sight of its face as it crossed toward the fire. It did not walk; it shuffled haltingly, with flexed knees and hanging shoulders, the strides measuring inches only, a grisly burlesque upon senility.

Pausing in the circle, it mumbled thickly, with great effort, as though gleaning words from infinite distance:

"Wild Pierre—frozen—buried—in—snow—hurry!" Then he straightened and spoke strongly, his voice flooding the room:

"It's the mind, Pierre—ha, ha, ha!—the mind!"

He cackled hideously and plunged forward into a miner's arms.

It was many days before his delirium broke. Gradually he felt the pressure of many bandages upon him and the hunger of convalescence. As he lay in his bunk the past came to him hazy and horrible, then the hum of voices, one loud, insistent and familiar.

He turned weakly to behold Pierre propped in a chair by the stove, frost scarred and pale, but aggressive even in recuperation. He gesticulated fiercely with a bandaged hand, hot in controversy with some big limbed, bearded strangers.

"Bah! You fellers no good—too beeg in the ches', too leetle in the forehead. She'll tak' the heducate mans for stan' the 'ardsheep, lak' me an' Meestaire Weelard."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Easy Enough.

A young Irish curate was preaching his first sermon, and chose for his text the miracle of the loaves and fishes. He was very nervous and read it, "And they fed five people with 6000 loaves of bread and 5000 fishes."

Thereat one of his rustic hearers murmured, loud enough to be heard:

"That's no miracle, begorra, I could do that meself."

The curate overhead him, and so on the following Sunday he announced the same text, but had it right this time: "And they fed 5000 people with five loaves of bread and a few fishes."

He paused a second and then leaned over the pulpit and said:

"Could you do that, Mr. Murphy?"

Murphy replied: "Sure, yer riverence, I could."

"And how would you do it?" asked the priest.

"Sure, yer riverence, I could do it with what was left over from last Sunday."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Why It Was a Village.

He was quite evidently from the country and he was also quite evidently a Yankee, and from behind his bowed spectacles he peered inquisitively at a little Jew who occupied the other half of the car seat with him.

The little Jew looked at him deprecatingly. "Nice day," he began, politely.

"You're a Jew, ain't you?" queried the Yankee.

"Yes, sir. I'm a clothing saleman," handing him a card.

"But you're a Jew?"

"Yes, sir, I'm a Jew," came the answer.

"Well," continued the Yankee, "I'm a Yankee and in the little village in Maine where I came from I'm proud to say there ain't a Jew."

"Dot's wy it's a village," replied the little Jew, quietly.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

"It is a well known fact that mostly everybody has a well-developed bump of curiosity," said the practical man.

"Think so?" inquired the other.

"Yes; most of the people who see this paragraph will turn the book upside down."—September Lippincott's.

"What's the matter with your husband, auntie? said the sympathetic mistress. "Did you say he was a victim of senile debility?"

"I dunno 'oout the other part," answered Aunt Dinah sharply, "but he's got de debil in him all right."—Buffalo Express.

"We are going to show Daniel in the lions' den. I told the property man to fix up a den."

"Well?"

"He plastered it with sofa pillows and college flags."—Pittsburgh Post.

Feke's Bitters

The Great Spring Medicine made from Roots and Herbs.

The Best Spring Tonic and Blood Purifier

WRIGHT & HAY,

Washington Square Newport, R. I.

Charles M. Cole,

PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET

Two Doors North of Post Office

NEWPORT, R. I.

J. D. JOHNSTON,

Architect and Builder,

Plans and Estimates furnished on application. General Jobbing, Mason, Tile and Stucco Work executed with dispatch.

Shop 68 Mill St., P. O. Box 181. Office 70 Pelham St Residence 100 Church St 8-14

ARCTIC ICE CO.

WHOLESALE AND Retail Dealers.

This company is prepared to furnish ice of the best quality and in quantities at prices as low as can be purchased in the city.

Telephone connection.

Office, Commercial Wharf

1-27 JOHN H. GREENE, Supt.

GET YOUR ICE CREAM —AT— Koschny's,

230 & 232 THAMES STREET.

or at his Branch Store, 16 Broadway

Cake, Ice Cream CONFECTIONERY.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS and FRESH EVERY DAY.

YOU CAN PATENT

Anything you invent or improve; also get CAVEAT, TRADE-MARK, COPYRIGHT or DESIGN PROTECTION. Send model, sketch, or photo. for free examination and advice.

BOOK ON PATENTS FREE. No Atty's fee before patent.

Write to C. A. SNOW & CO. Patent Lawyers. WASHINGTON, D.C.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY,

Contractor —AND— BUILDER

OF MASON WORK,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Filling, Draining and all kinds of Jobbing attended to. Orders left at

Calendar Avenue.

NEWPORT Transfer Express Co

TRUCKERS —AND— General Forwarders

Heavy Trucking a Specialty.

Estimates Given on any Kind of Cartage. Accessible by Telephone at any and all hours

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 30 Bellevue Avenue

BRANCH OFFICES, 172 Thames Street and New York Freight Depot

Telephone 71-2.

FEAR.

HOW IT MAY BE OVERCOME.

Fear is not always a lack of courage. One may be absolutely fearless when facing real danger, but a perfect coward about trifling matters. Many people fear to be in a crowded hall, and frequently, and unnecessarily, leave some enjoyable affair and return home. Thousands fear lightning to such an alarming extent, that during a thunder storm they become ill. Fear of this character is caused by a nervousness brought on chiefly by diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

A further proof that these organs are diseased, is ascertained by depositing a small quantity of urine in a glass tumbler and if after standing twenty-four hours you find it ropy or milky in appearance; if it has a sediment; if your back pains you, and you often have a desire to urinate during the night, with burning, scalding pains; it's the strongest kind of evidence that your kidneys and bladder are diseased and the very strongest reason why you should not delay in trying DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, the pathfinder in medicine, for diseases of the kidneys and bladder, liver, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation.

We are so absolutely certain of the curative powers of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, that we will send you a trial bottle, absolutely free, by mail, if you will write to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y.

Druggists sell it in *New 50 Cent Size* and the regular $1.00 size bottles.

Dr. David Kennedy's Golden Plasters strengthen Muscles, remove pain anywhere. 15c each.

NEW ENGLAND STEAMSHIP CO

TO NEW YORK

FALL RIVER LINE

STEAMERS

COMMONWEALTH and PRISCILLA

Lv. Long wharf, Newport, daily, except Sunday at 9.30 P. M. Sunday 10.00 P. M., due New York 7.00 A. M. Orchestra on each.

WICKFORD LINE

STEAMER GENERAL

Lv. NEWPORT LONG WHARF

(Week Days Only.)

Lv. Newport. (Lng wh)	Due New York, (G.C.Ter)	Lv. New York, (G.C.Ter)	Due Newport (L'ng wh)
7.10	1.52		
8.30 a. m.	4.00 p. m.	12.00 m't.	7.05 a. m.
1.45 p. m.	7.00 p. m.	4.45 a. m.	12.50 noon
4.05 p. m.	11.00 p. m.	10.02 a. m.	3.05 p. m.
7.15 p. m.	x2.05 a. m	1.02 p. m. 5.33	8.45 p. m. 10.45

x Har. Riv. Sta. N. Y. C.

(SUNDAYS ONLY.)

12.00 noon 7.00 a. m.

Tickets, etc., at City Ticket office, 320 Thames St., and at Wharf Office.

C. C. GARDNER Agent, Newport, R. I.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect March 2, 1913.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 5.03, 7.13, 9.18 p. m. Sundays—Leave Newport 7.00, 9.14, 11.02 a. m., 3.05, 5.03, 9.18 p. m.

Middletown and Portsmouth—6.50, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 12.18, 1.10, 3.05, 4.13, 5.03, 7.13, 9.18 p. m.

Tiverton—6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 12.13, 1.10, 3.05, 4.13, 5.03, 7.13, 9.18 p. m.

Middleboro—6.50, 8.15, a. m., 12.13, 3.05, 4.13 p. m.

Hyannis—6.50, a. m., 12.13, 3.05, 4.13 p. m.

Provincetown—6.50 a. m., 3.05 p. m.

Plymouth—11.02 a. m., 3.05 p. m.

New Bedford—6.50, 8.15, 9.10, a. m., 12.13, 1.10 3.05, 4.13, 5.03, 9.18 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00 a.m., 12.13, 1.10, 3.05, 4.13, 5.03, 7.13, 9.18, p. m.

C. M. WOODWARD, Gen'l Sup't. A. B. SMITH, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Bay State Street Railway Co.

TIME TABLE

In effect September 8, 1913.

Subject to change without notice.

C. L. BISBEE, Superintendent, Vernon Avenue, Newport.

Telephone, Newport 168.

CARS LEAVE NEWPORT CITY HALL for Fall River, City Hall (1 hr. 30 min.), via Middletown (20 min.), Portsmouth (40 min.) Island Park (52 min.), Stone Bridge (55 min.), Tiverton (60 min.). *6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 10.50, 11.30 a. m., 12.10, 12.50, 1.30, 2.10, 2.50, 3.30, 4.10, 4.50, 5.30, 6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 9.30, 10.30, 11.15 p. m. Return, lv. Fall River City Hall, *5.10, *5.50, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.10, 11.50 a. m., 12.30, 1.10, 1.50, 2.30, 3.10, 3.50, 4.30, 5.10, 5.50, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.20 p. m. Return, lv. Stone Bridge, *5.45, 6.20, 7.05, 7.45, 8.25, 9.05, 9.45, 10.25, 11.05, 11.45 a. m., 12.25, 1.05, 1.45, 2.25, 3.05, 3.45, 4.25, 5.05, 5.45, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 8.25, 9.05, 9.45, 10.25, 11.00, 11.55 p. m.

CARS LEAVE FRANKLIN STREET FOR Beach (12 min.), *6.40, *6.55, *7.10, 7.25, every 15 min. to 10.40 a. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.52, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.)

Mile Corner (10 min.), *6.35, *6.50, 7.05, every 15 min. to 11.35 p. m.

Morton Park (12 min.), *6.10, *6.25, 6.40, every 15 min. to 11.10. Return, lv. Morton Park, *6.22, *6.37, 6.52, every 15 min. to 11.22 p. m.

CARS LEAVE MILE CORNER FOR Beach (22 min.) *6.30, *6.45, *7.00, 7.15, every 15 min. to 10.30 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.52, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52 p. m. (Change at Franklin Street).

Morton Park (22 min.), *6.00, *6.15, 6.30, every 15 min. to 11.00 p. m. Return, lv. Morton Park, *6.22, *6.37, 6.52, every 15 min. to 11.22, p. m.

Note—*Does not run on Sunday.

WATER

ALL PERSONS, desirous of having water introduced into their residence or places of business, should make application at the office, Marlboro street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 3 p. m.

GUY NORMAN, Treasurer.

Times Have Changed.

"Do you remember when the people demanded specie payment?"

"Yes. In those days people said they wanted hard money. Now everybody wants easy money."—Washington Star.

Ideas must work through the brains and the arms of good and brave men or they are no better than dreams.—Emerson.

To See Through Paper.

A very remarkable experiment which any one can repeat with very little trouble has been unearthed by a German. Take a piece of paper of such thickness that when it is laid upon a piece of printed matter the characters just show through, but cannot be read. Placing it over a printed sheet, impart to it a circular motion to and fro, and to your surprise you will find that now you can read the print below the paper. It is rather difficult to explain this peculiar effect. The explanation offered is that the paper has thin places in it, and by rapidly moving it over the print every part of the printed matter is exposed in turn underneath one or the other of the thin places in the paper, and thus the entire print can be read. However that may be, the experiment is interesting and very simple, requiring for its performance only the simplest means imaginable.—New York Press.

Helping Her Mamma.

The Youngs had dropped in unexpectedly upon the Baileys just as dinner was about to be served. Mother, who was somewhat disturbed, called Helen aside and explained that there would not be oysters enough to go round and added: "Now, you and I will just have some of the broth. And please do not make any fuss about it at table."

Little Helen promised to be good and say nothing. But when the oysters were served Helen discovered a small one that had been accidentally ladled up with her broth. She could not remember any instructions that covered this contingency, so, after studying the situation awhile, she held the oyster up as high as she could on her spoon and piped out:

"Mamma, mamma, shouldn't Mrs. Young have this oyster too?'—New York Globe.

They Court Death.

Steeplejacks are proverbially reckless—or apparently so—in their actions when engaged on their dangerous work. A laborer who was attached to one of these experts used commonly to take a midday nap wherever he might happen to be situated. His mates commonly found him on the top of a steeple or chimney stretched full length upon a single board, his arms dangling over his sides, fast asleep. A single lurch would have meant a fall of a couple of hundred feet, and therefore certain death, yet he treated this possibility with the utmost indifference.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Onion in Cooking.

The greatest of French cooks, being asked to give the secret of his success, answered: "The very foundation of all good cooking is butter and onion! I use them in all my sauces and gravies. They have the effect of making a customer come back for more. Butter without onion will drive the customer away after a few days. Boil the onion till it melts or entirely disappears; then add the butter and call the mixture stock."—Exchange.

Nerve of Her.

"How is your new maid?"

"I guess she is all right; she has the baby out at present. But she has a nerve."

"How was that?"

"She wanted to take Fido along, and she is almost wholly unknown to us."—Houston Post.

Salesmen and Smiles.

"The smile is one of the greatest assets of the successful salesman or saleswoman," says the manager of a department store then departing it. "It makes friends for the store as readily as do moderate prices and good goods.

"The ability to smile for eight hours a day is a trait hard to acquire and possessed by few store help. Yet it can be gained by constant practice—the watching of oneself and not permitting at any time the slightest indication of a frown.

"I recall my first purchase in a New York department store. I was directed to the counter where I could find the special article of my choice. I was met by a gruff 'What is it?' from the salesman. I recall I said, 'Nothing,' and I haven't been in that store since."—New York Press.

The Answer.

"I just found out last night," he said, looking nervously at his watch, "that a man's a fool to allow himself to be henpecked."

There was a general roar of laughter, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Then one of the men asked:

"And how did you come to make that startling discovery?"

"Well, it was this way. My wife was jumping on me something fierce, and I couldn't figure out how I deserved it. So I spunked up and said: 'Look here, why do you always pick on me when you're sore? Why don't you raise thunder with Albert once in awhile?' (Albert's our youngest boy.) 'Why,' she says, 'Albert wouldn't stand for it, that's why!'"

Famed as a Murderer.

A story once went the rounds in Paris that an enterprising visitor to M. Constans proposed to pick a quarrel with M. Rochefort and kill him.

"Many thanks," said Constans, "but I do my own murders."

The retort found its way to Constantinople, and when M. Constans arrived there as French ambassador he was struck by the exaggerated deference of the Turkish officials from Armenia. A man who did his murders himself was a remarkable figure to administrators who employed the Kurds for that necessary business.

A Like Retort.

A dapper young shoe clerk fitted a number nine over a farmer's yarn sock. "When you get these on," he smilingly remarked, "you can sing 'How Firm a Foundation.'" The farmer answered not a word until the number nines were on his feet and his old shoes in a neatly wrapped package under his arm. As he reached the door he smilingly said, "And you can sing 'A charge to keep I have.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Very Clean.

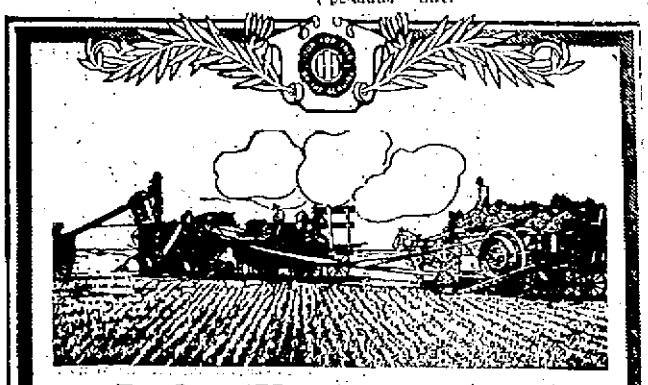
"And now I mean to handle your witnesses without gloves," said a counsel whose witnesses had met with rather severe treatment from the other side.

"Indeed! That's more than I should like to do with yours," smilingly retorted his learned friend.—London Answers.

All in the Game.

"Harold, you mustn't eat all the peanuts, even if you are pretending to be a monkey. You must give sister some."

"But, mother, I'm pretending she's some kind o' animal wot doesn't eat peanuts."—Life.



Backing Up the Purchaser

IF we didn't have an eye to the future, and if we didn't care what you or anybody else was going to think of us, we could sell engines and other machines for much less money, but we could not put I H C quality into them. The kicks would start coming in right away, and soon there would be no market for I H C engines.

I H C engines stand for everything that is opposed to such a policy. The I H C way is to build always for the respect and good will of the American farmer, and to that end it has been successfully working for many years. The dealer who sells you an I H C engine expects on its merits to do business with you again. The purchaser of an

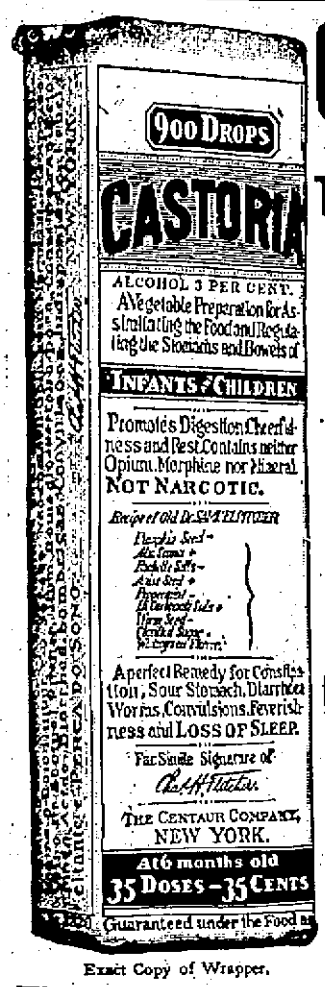
I H C Oil and Gas Engine

buys security and safety with it. He banks on the many years of square dealing and the reputation back of all I H C machines. He knows it is the best engine bargain because it gives him efficient service in all kinds of farm work—pumping, sawing wood, spraying, running repair shop, grindstone, cream separator, etc. He knows that I H C responsibility for it lasts as long as the engine is in service on his farm.

I H C oil and gas engines operate on gas, gasoline, naphtha, kerosene, distillate, and alcohol. Sizes range from 1 to 50-horse power. They are built vertical, horizontal, portable, stationary, skidded, air-cooled and water-cooled. I H C oil tractors range in size from 6-12 to 30-60-horse power, for plowing, threshing, etc.

Look over an I H C engine at the local dealer's. Learn from him what it will do for you, or write for catalogues to

International Harvester Company of America
(Incorporated)
Boston Mass.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

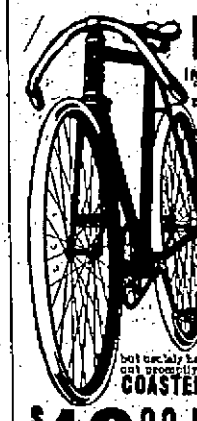
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



RIDER AGENTS WANTED

IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our Rider Agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write for full particulars and special offer at once.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve your bicycle. We ship to anyone anywhere in the U. S. without a cent deposit in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offers.*

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *wonderfully low prices* we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost. BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from $3 to $8 or $10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

COASTER BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the regular retail prices.*

$10.00 Hedgehorn Puncture-Proof Self-healing Tires $4.80 A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY

The regular retail price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a sample pair for $4.80 (cash with order $4.65).

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES

Nails, Tacks or Glass will not let the air out. A hundred thousand pairs sold last year.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing air to escape. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We will ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not need to pay a cent until you examine and find them strictly as represented.

Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strips "B" and "D" also rim strip "H" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make—SOFT, ELASTIC and EASY RIDING.

We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price $4.56 per pair) if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle or you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, behold this remarkable introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires and bicycle equipment and sundries at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. DO NOT THINK OF BUYING a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It costs only a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

Lobster Twine.

A man who had wondered what lobster twine was found the answer very simple. It is a fine quality, stout twine, an eighth of an inch in diameter, made of manila hemp and originally intended for making the netted part of lobster pots. Lobster twine has come also to be used on board vessels, both sail and steam, for serving ropes, for whipping ropes, including ropes even of wire, and for various other purposes for which a stout, durable twine of this size might prove useful. There is probably more lobster twine used now on vessels than for the purpose for which it was first made.

Puzzled Him.

Mark Twain and his peculiarities were being discussed by an English class in a certain high school. One youthful orator had very eloquently described Mark's personal appearance and had laid unusual stress on the author's fondness for wearing white flannels.

"Gee!" said one much interested youth. "I don't see how the public knows whether his flannels were red or white."—Everybody's Magazine.

Henri Rochefort and Beranger.

One finds an interesting link with the past in the fact that Henri Rochefort began his literary career as a poet and in that character presented a poem, together with a letter of introduction, to no less a literary master than Beranger, whose reply, carefully preserved by the distinguished journalist, is interesting.

"Can it be true," Beranger wrote, "that you are only sixteen? If I had written verses so well turned at that age I should indeed have believed that a great destiny was in store for me. But then you college gentlemen are brought up, as it were, in forcing houses, whereas when I was sixteen I hardly knew how to spell. Remember, then, all the devices employed for the development of your faculties and do not be too uplifted by vanity at the praises of an old rimer, dazzled by your compliments."

And the letter concludes with a commendation to the young aspirant to return to his studies and not to challenge serious criticism by premature publication.—Westminster Gazette.

Educate the Left Hand.

Dr. Huenkel, a well known German physician, writing in the Hamburg Nachrichten, recommends the education of the left hand as a method of mental development by bringing the right lobe of the brain into activity. He says that in this way we can add 50 per cent to our power and that the left hand is actually more deft and has a more delicate touch than the right. The violinist and the pianist exact the same service from both hands, and many of the greatest artists, such as Leonardo da Vinci, Holbein and Landseer, were ambidextrous. The Japanese are taught in school to use both hands alike, and, says Dr. Huenkel, "their astonishing manual dexterity and military genius, I believe, are traceable to this alone."

Rochefort Was Reckless.

The late Henri Rochefort was a good deal of a man, although we may smile at some of the Gallic eccentricities that marked his cyclonic career. Rochefort did one of the finest physical feats on record when he escaped from Cayenne, to which inferno he had been sentenced for life. He was by no means a young man at the time, but he swam for over three miles in a sea infested with sharks, some of them following him all the way and actually snapping at him. Six years later he fought a serious duel in defense of his son and was badly wounded.—Argonaut.

Identifying Himself.

It is said that at certain seasons in Scotland when the fishing is not very brisk the fishermen act as caddies and are easily recognized by their costume, a woollen jersey and trousers braced up to the armpits. One of these was asked his name by the gentleman for whom he was carrying and the reply was, "Weel, hereabouts they maistly ca' me 'Breeks,' but ma 'maiden' name is 'Broon.'"

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

JAMES P. TAYLOR,

139 Thames Street,

DEALER IN

Clothing

—AND—

GENTLEMEN'S

Furnishing Goods.

AGENT FOR

Rogers, Peet & Co.'s CLOTHING.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of Fall and Winter Woolens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

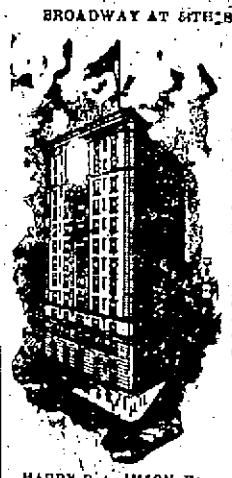
184 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Hotel Cumberland

NEW YORK

BROADWAY AT 54TH STREET



Subway Station, 53d St. Elevated and surface lines.

Near Depots, Shops and Central Park

New & Fireproof

Strictly first Class. Rates Reasonable

2.50 with bath and up.

all hardwood Floors and Oriental rugs

Ten minutes walk to 30 Theatres.

Excellent Restaurant prices moderate.

Send for a booklet.

HARRY P. SIMSON, Formerly with Hotel Imperial.

J. BINGHAM, Formerly with Hotel Woodward.

Only New York Hotel window-screened throughout.

5-29—1f

Seaboard Air Line Ry

SHORTEST LINE TO

FLORIDA and SOUTHWEST

DIRECT ROUTE TO

Pinehurst, Camden, Jacksonville and all Florida Resorts.

Through Pullman trains without change. Cafe dining cars. Direct connection from New England points at New York and Washington. Tourists' tickets now on sale at reduced rates via all-rail or steamer and rail allowing stop-over privileges

For booklets on winter resorts and schedules of trains apply to

CHAS. L. LONGSHORE, N. E. P. A
260 Washington Street, Boston

GOLDBECK'S

Diastasic Extract of Malt.

This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing a large percentage of diastase and extractive matter together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starchy food converting it into dextrine and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated, forming fat.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Debility, Dyspepsia, (due to organic disease or infirmity), Nervous Exhaustion, Anæmia, Malnutrition, etc.

To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplying sugar and phosphates to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.

In sleeplessness it causes quiet and natural sleep.

DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

Sold by D. W. SHEEHAN, 18 and 20 Kinsley's Wharf, Newport R. I.

Price of Coke

From June 15, 1908.

Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels	$4.50
18 bushels,	$2.25

Common, delivered.

36 bushels,	$3.50
18 bushels,	$1.75

Price at works,

Prepared, 16c. a bushel, $10 for 100 bushels

Common, 9c. a bushel $5 for 100 bushels

Orders left at the Gas Office, 184 Thames street, or at Gas Works will be filled promptly.

Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 151
House Telephone 1049

Saturday, September 27, 1913.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles is a candidate for Congress from the third Massachusetts district. He has just passed his 75th birthday. Here's hoping the General will be successful.

The new Equitable building in New York will be the largest structure in the world, and will represent a cost when completed of about $30,000,000. 36,000 tons of steel will be used in its construction.

The Newport County Fair this week has been bigger and better than ever. It is a great feature of the fall season for a large part of the population of Newport County. Much of its success is due to the untiring efforts of the Society's president, Mr. I. Lincoln Sherman of Middletown.

Washington advices say that the movement among republicans to turn to Col. Roosevelt as leader in 1916 is growing with remarkable rapidity. Let us hope that "Washington advices" for once not correct. The country has suffered enough from the Roosevelt antics in the past yea

The total number of troops the Balkan allies could put in the field last October was about 850,000. Of these more than 100,000 have died in battle or of disease. In money the past year has cost the four Balkan states about $400,000,000. It looks as though bankruptcy might stare these States in the face soon.

Vice President Christiansen of the Wells, Fargo & Co., said the parcels post had caused the company to lose 31 per cent. of its small package business since January 1. Its revenue decreased 23 per cent, a percentage which held good for other express companies. The parcels post is rapidly taking the place of the express business. Uncle Sam makes a good expressman.

One of the Detroit daily papers is reported to have admitted that its support of the Progressive cause in 1912 was the result of the little sum of $5000 skillfully placed. And there are still some people who believe in the purity of the Bull Moose cause and all the men connected with it. And then look at their record in this city. Wouldn't some of the creditors like to see an evidence of moral obligation on the part of the backers of the farce?

The primary elections in Massachusetts resulted in the choice of A. P. Gardner, Senator Lodge's son-in-law, for Governor by a small majority over Col. Benton. Both men are rich and both doubtless paid liberally to get the vote out, besides stumping the state for weeks. Yet with all the shouting less than one fourth the Republican vote of the state came out. Experience thus far shows that primary nominations are a farce. The candidates for Governor of Massachusetts this year are three: Gardner, Walsh and Bird.

It is said that President Wilson's currency program is in danger. Final action on the bill at this session of Congress seemed remote when the Senate currency committee adjourned Monday evening. The committee stands eight to four against the bill as it passed the House, and demands exhaustive hearings to determine whether additional amendments are needed. Senator Weeks of Massachusetts gave notice of his intention to press his resolution to delay action until next session. Delay will do no harm. The bill at best is a very imperfect one and the banking interests of the country are nearly all opposed to it.

The speakers at the American Meat Packers' convention in Chicago, declare that the responsibility for averting a most famine rests with the small farmers. If the decrease of the last ten years is not checked, problem of meat production in United States will be exceedingly serious. It is argued that every small farmer should raise at least two beef steers a year, and that New England should become a large beef producing section. We would like to see the day of Aaron Coggeshall's six horse load of beef driven in Broadway daily as was the case within the memory of some of us. Time was when every farmer in New England had cattle to kill for beef every fall. Let's have that time repeated.

Roosevelt is said to be hoping for the Republican nomination for President at the next election, and that is given as the reason for his apathy in the Massachusetts campaign. The Progressive cause appealed to him when he thought there was a chance for him to ride to victory on its impetus, but when it began to go to pieces he had no more use for it. He will have to go some to get the Republican nomination, however, and even then he will have to go some more to get the Republican votes. There are countless thousands of Republicans who do not consider Roosevelt to be a Republican and who would not feel that they were betraying their party by voting for a Democrat if by any chance Roosevelt should be the Republican nominee. Nobody has yet dared to estimate the number of straight Republican votes that went for Wilson a year ago simply to insure the defeat of Roosevelt.

Changes in Brown Faculty.

The following promotions in the Brown Faculty are announced: Frederic P. Gorham, Ph. D., Associate Professor of Biology, to be full Professor of Bacteriology; Charles W. Brown, A. M., Assistant Professor of Geology, to be Associate Professor; Herbert E. Walter, Ph. D., to be Associate Professor of Biology; John H. Williams, Brown '12, Assistant in English, to be Instructor in English.

Professor Henry T. Fowler, Ph. D., of the Department of Biblical Literature, Professor Camillo Von Klenze, Ph. D., of the Germanic Department, Professor J. Irving Manatt, Ph. D., of the Greek Department, and Professor Lindsay T. Damon, A. B., of the English Department, have returned from their Sabbatic year to take up active work at the University.

Two of the Brown Faculty who have died during the last year will be deeply missed on the Brown campus, Professor Ward and Professor Phetteplace.

Lester F. Ward was perhaps the most distinguished sociologist in America. He lived in Caswell Hall on the campus, and was a familiar figure to the undergraduates, on whom he left a deep impression. No one can do his work, but the appointment in his place of Lucius Mondy Bristol, Ph. D., as Assistant Professor of sociology, will mean a new and close relation of the University to the charitable and reformatory efforts of Rhode Island.

Professor Bristol's academic record is as follows: A. B. University of North Carolina 1895; S. T. B. Boston University 1899; A. M. Harvard 1910; Ph. D., Harvard 1913; teacher of modern languages and civics Genesee Wesleyan Seminary 1908-9; Instructor Tufts College 1910-12; Assistant Professor of Sociology and Applied Christianity Tufts College 1912-13; Assistant in sociology Harvard 1911-13.

Thurston M. Phetteplace, Assistant Professor of Mechanical Engineering, died recently at the age of thirty-six, after a notable career as student and teacher. Mr. Thomas O. Shedd, Brown '13, has been appointed Assistant in Mechanical Engineering.

Wedding Bells.

Gardner—Hazard.

A quiet wedding took place Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the home of Rev. William G. Sargent, pastor of the Elmwood Avenue Christian Church, Providence, when Miss Louise Fiske Hazard, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Hazard of Wakefield, South Kingstown, was united in marriage to Mr. William Harris Gardner of Providence. The couple were attended by Mr. and Mrs. George H. Collett of Edgewood. After the ceremony the bridal party enjoyed a dinner at one of the local hotels, after which they left for a short trip, and upon their return will reside in Providence.

Miss Hazard has been employed during the past seven years as stenographer and bookkeeper at the Rhode Island Malleable Iron Works at Hills Grove, and Mr. Gardner is connected with the State Mutual Life Insurance Company, having offices in the Union Trust Building in Providence.

Smith—Wood

Miss Alice Bertha Wood, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Thomas W. Wood, was united in marriage to Mr. George W. Smith, Jr., on Wednesday afternoon, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Emery H. Porter, D. D., at Emmanuel Rectory. Only the members of the immediate families of the bride and groom were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith will make their home in Cleveland, Ohio, where Mr. Smith has an important position with the White Automobile Company. He has been a student at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute for two years, and was filling a summer position with the White Company when he received a flattering offer from the General Superintendent which he could hardly fail to accept.

Those are extremely hot coals Huerta is heaping on President Wilson's head, when he offers first-class transportation to Americans who want to leave Mexico in compliance with Wilson's warning, while they can only get second class from the one who gave the warning. Perhaps nothing in the diplomatic interchange burns more than that.

At the end of a dispatch from the Panama zone is the following: "Small vessels probably will be able to pass through the canal from end to end by October 10 and the waterway should be ready for shipping proper early in December." Uncle Sam has made a record in what can be done in nine years.

The college football teams are crowding the closing days of the baseball season off the calendar. Yet there are to be some good games yet in the world's championship contests early next month, and not until these are decided will the football enthusiasts have an uninterrupted field.

It is said that the Interstate Commerce Commission is about to make recommendations of far-fetching importance in regard to safe-guarding lives of passengers on the railroads of United States. It will ask authority to prescribe speed of trains.

New York's newest hotel, the Biltmore, will open New Year's eve. It will cost $10,000,000, has 1000 rooms and rises 28 stories with three stories underground. This is a Vanderbilt hotel and is named for George Vanderbilt's estate in North Carolina.

The removal of tax on bananas has caused great joy in Jamaica. It is estimated that next year's output of fruit will exceed 30,000,000 bunches. If there is one article of food that should be on the free list it is bananas.

In Chicago in six years automobiles have increased 570 per cent, while horse-drawn vehicles have declined only 12 per cent. The American passion for getting about keeps up with all approved facilities.

Newport County Fair.

(CONTINUED FROM EIGHTH PAGE.)

Sunny Field Farm, 1st, Guernsey bull (thoroughbred.)
William Lopez, 2d, Guernsey heifer.
William P. Slocomber, 1st, Holstein calf, 7 weeks old.
William P. Manchester, 2d, Holstein calf, 3 weeks old.
Manuel Oliver, 1st, Durham.
William H. Anthony, 1st, Holstein bull.

HORSES.

Chester Brown, 1st, 2 year old, Francis.
Chester Brown, 1st, 1 year old, Carolina.

POULTRY DEPARTMENT.

Fish Bros., 1st and 2d, silver spangled Hamburgs, cockerel and pullet.
Alvin Simmons, 1st, one pen black Muscovy ducks, young.
Alvin Simmons, 1st, one pair black Muscovy ducks.
Fish Bros., 1st, one pair buff Cochin bantams, old.
John T. Johnson, 1st, one pair white Leghorns.
Charles W. Cory, Jr., 1st, Cardinal Indian Game, cockerel.
John T. Johnson, 1st, one white Leghorn pullet and cockerel.
John T. Johnson, 1st, one pair Pekin ducks, young.
Charles Anthony, 1st, one pair black Cochin bantams.
Charles W. Cory, Jr., 1st, one pair white Wyandottes, old.
Charles WeCory, Jr., 1st, one pair Cornish Indian Game, young.
Charles W. Cory, Jr., 1st and 2d, Cornish Indian Game, Cockerel.
Oakland Farm, 2d, one light Brahma, fowl and pullet.
Joseph R. White, 1st, one pen black Orpington, young.
Oakland Farm, 1st, one pen light Brahma, young.
W. H. Smith, 1st, one pair white Wyandotte, young.
Highland Poultry Yards, C. W. Cory, Jr., 1st, one Wyandotte hen and one white pullet; 2d, one Wyandotte hen and one white Wyandotte pullet.
H. A. Manchester, 1st, one white Plymouth Rock, cockerel; 2d, one pen white Plymouth Rock.
Sunny Field Farm, 1st, one white Plymouth Rock cockerel.
Sunny Field Farm, 1st and 2d, one white Plymouth Rock pullet.
Charles A. Ashley, 1st, one pen Partridge Plymouth Rock.
William A. Lawrence, 2d, one pen barred rock, old.
William A. Lawrence, 1st, one pen barred Plymouth Rock, old.
William A. Lawrence, 2d, one barred Plymouth Rock hen.
William A. Lawrence, 2d, one pen varied Plymouth Rock, young.
William A. Lawrence, 2d, one barred Plymouth Rock cockerel.
William A. Lawrence, 1st, one pen barred Plymouth Rock young.
R. H. Beattie, 1st, one Plymouth Rock cockerel.
R. H. Beattie, 1st, one Plymouth Rock pullet.
Charles W. Cory, Jr., 1st, one barred Plymouth Rock cockerel.
J. F. Sherman, 1st, one Plymouth Rock hen.
Clarence Brown, 1st, one buff Wyandotte pullet.
H. A. Manchester, 2d, one buff Wyandotte pullet.
A. E. Borden, 1st and 2d, R. C. R. I. Red pullet.
William P. Manchester, 1st, one pen R. I. Red, young.
William P. Manchester, 1st, one R. I. Red, single comb pullet; 2d, one R. I. Red, single comb pullet.
R. H. Beattie, 1st, one R. I. Red cockerel.
William H. Smith, 1st, one single white Wyandotte cockerel.
Charles W. Cory, Jr., 2d, one barred Plymouth Rock cockerel.
R. H. Beattie, 1st, one pen R. I. Red R. C.
Glen Farm, 2d, one barred Rock pullet.
F. P. Webber, Columbian, Wyandotte, 1st and 2d, cock; 1st and 2d, hen; 1st, cockerel; 1st and 2d, pullet; 1st, pen of young.
Clarence Brown, 1st, one white Brahma pullet; 1st, one white Brahma hen; 1st, one white Brahma cockerel.
Elizabeth Anthony, 1st, one brood Bantam chicks.
Jacob Almy, 1st, one pen Houdans.
Elizabeth Anthony, 1st, one pair fowl Bantams; 1st, one pair Bantam chicks.
Clarence Brown, 1st, one Sumatra hen.
Stephen Barker, 1st, one pen Indian Runner Ducks.
Elisha A. Peckham, 1st, one pair dark Muscovy (old).
Elisha A. Peckham, 1st, one pair white Muscovia.
Elisha A. Peckham, 1st, one pair dark Muscovia.
William Taber, 1st, one pen buff Cochin Bantams, young.
William Taber, 1st, one pair Golden Seabright Bantams, young.
H. B. Durfee, 1st, one black Orpington hen.
H. B. Durfee, 1st, one black cock.
Aubrey Borden, 1st, one pair wild ducks.
H. B. Durfee, 1st, one pair black Arlington (old).
Mrs. E. R. Anthony, 1st and 2d, R. I. Red hen and duck.
Clarence Brown, 1st, one pair Pekin ducks, young.
Glen Farm, 2d, two Leghorn cockerel; commended, hen.
Preston Manchester, 1st, one buff Leghorn pullet, young; 2d, one buff Leghorn pullet, young.
Preston Manchester, 1st, one buff Leghorn cock, young.
Raymond Barker, 1st, Black Jacobins.
Warren Anthony, commended, Guinea pigs, Peruvian.
Warren Anthony, 1st, one pair Black Mountain geese.
Charles W. Cory, Jr., 1st, one pair geese, old.
R. H. Beattie, 1st, one pair turkeys.
Aubrey Baxter, 1st, wild ducks.
Charles W. Cory, Jr., 1st, ducks.
Raymond Barker, 1st, one pair Homer pigeons.
Raymond Barker, 1st, one pair pigeons.
Meader Bros., 1st, one pair Indian runners.
Fish Bros., 1st, pair Silver Spangled Hamburg, old.
Fish Bros., 1st, one Silver Spangled Hamburg cock.
Fish Bros., 1st, one Silver Spangled Hamburg cockerel, old.
Fred P. Webber, 2d, Columbia Wyandotte hen, with 12 chicks.
William Lopez, 1st, one hen and 12 chicks, Brahma.
Samuel Davis, 1st, one pair pigeons, black Dragoons.
D. Hopwood, 1st, one pair black Jacobin pigeons.
Harold Barry, 1st, one pair White Fly Homer pigeons.
Harold Barry, 1st, one pair feather leg tumbler pigeons.

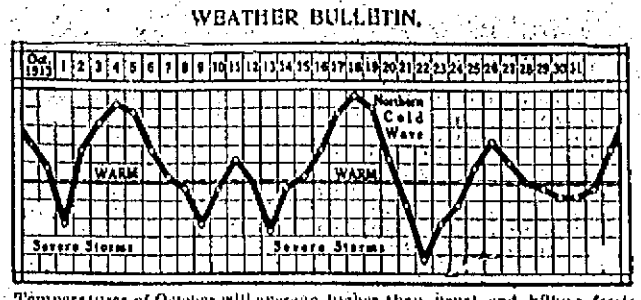
VEGETABLES.

Vegetable premiums were awarded as follows:
Arthur Sherman seven 1st and two 2d.
Herbert E. Chase, 1st and 2d.
Mendez Bros., four 1st and one 2d.
Frank P. Silvia, one 2d.
Louis Windsor, three 1st and one 2d.
Thomas J. Sweet, one 1st.
George W. Wood, two 1st.
Sowle Bros., three 1st and one 2d.
Sunny Field Farm, two 1st and two 2d.
Joshua Coggeshall, three 1st and three 2d.
W. S. Coggeshall, two 2d.
H. C. Anthony, two 1st and one 2d.
Mrs. George H. Waring, four 1st.
Ernst Voigt, one 1st.
Joe Oliver, three 1st.
Glen Farm, eight 1st and six 2d.
T. E. Brayton, thirty-five 1st and twelve 2d.
Fred Cooke, one 1st and two 2d.
R. H. Beattie, two 1st.
Manuel Fernander, one 1st.
William H. Smith, two 2d.
Thornton Sherman, one 1st.
L. H. Barker, five 1st.
George Chase, one 1st.
Richmond Bishop, one 1st.
Harry Paquin, one 1st.
Antone Martain, three 1st and one 2d.
R. H. Anthony, two 1st.
George R. Lawton, one 1st.
W. P. Macomber, four 1st.
J. L. Deterra, eighteen 1st and four 2d.
Clarence E. Brown, one 1st.
Jacob Almy, one 1st.
J. De Aruda, four 1st.
Ashton Barker, thirty-one 1st and five 2d.
Andrew P. Barker, nine 1st and fourteen 2d.
B. P. Sherman, one 1st.
Henry Hedley, two 1st and one 2d.
Percy T. Bailey, three 1st.
J. Grascia Mortro, one 2d.
W. K. Boyd, one 1st.
W. J. Brown, one 1st and two 2d.
Stephen P. Barker, two 1st and two 2d.
Lillian G. Borden, one 1st.
J. L. Simmons, one 2d.
B. H. Ayler, four 1st.
G. A. Simmons, one 1st.
Emerson Bishop, one 2d.
Samuel Hathaway, two 1st and one 2d.
Walter Sherman, one 1st and one 2d.
R. L. Beckman, one 1st.

A contract has been signed for the erection of a new sea wall at the Bradford coaling station. The wall is to be about 500 feet long and five feet above high water. It will protect the oil tanks there.

Hook & ladder truck No. 1 is back in commission after having had a coating of varnish.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



Temperatures of October will average higher than usual and killing frosts will come late. The most probable dates for frosts in northern sections will be near October 1, 9, 18 and 22. Severe storms are expected about September 29 to October 4 and October 18 to 18.

Fair rains and some excessive rains from hurricanes are expected in October along our Mexican gulf coasts. Most rain is expected on Pacific slope. Deficient moisture in most northeast sections and in northern parts of great central valleys.

Greatest probabilities of rain in Atlantic coast sections not far from October 11, 22 and 28; west gulf sections 6 and 25; east gulf 3, 18 and 26; middle Mississippi valleys 1 to 18; middle northwest 4 to 20; lower lakes 4, 14 and 21.

Treble line represents normal temperatures and average probability of rain. Where the temperature line goes above this normal line indicates warmer and where it goes below indicates colder than usual. The rain line only indicates when rains are most probable. Temperature line dates are for meridian 90. Count one to three days earlier for west of that line and as much latter for east of it in proportion to the distance from that line which runs north and south thru St. Louis.

Copyrighted 1913, by W. T. Foster.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 25, 1913.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross continent Sept. 23 to 30 and Oct. 2 to 6, warm waves Sept. 25 to 29 and Oct. 1 to 5 cool waves Sept. 28 to Oct. 2 and Oct. 4 to 8. These disturbances covering about ten days will bring higher temperatures than usual and about normal precipitation. Storm forces will be greater than usual Sept. 27 to Oct 5 with probability of a gulf storm first days of October.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Oct. 8, cross Pacific slope by close of 9, great central valleys 10 to 12, eastern sections 13. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Oct. 8, great central valleys 10, eastern sections 12. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Oct. 11, great central valleys 13, eastern sections 15.

This disturbance will be a same storm till it reaches eastern sections and then it will develop a radical intensity and rough weather may be expected. Temperatures of the five days centering on date the warm wave reaches your section will average about or a little below normal and precipitation will, in a general sense, be about normal.

The principal rains of October are expected to concentrate on the Pacific slope and there are some indications of sudden downpours that will cause dangerous floods. We can not definitely locate these heavy rains. Their locations will depend on the paths of the lows or storm centers but wherever freshets or sudden floods sometimes do damage on the Pacific coast and Pacific slope we advise to be on the alert and be prepared for them. They will strike the Washington or Oregon coasts.

Some heavy rains in October are also expected along the gulf coast and generally where the recent drouth was most severe. The points of evaporation for October seem to be located in the Caribbean sea, Gulf of Mexico and Bering sea. The Pacific slope will get its moisture from the latter and east of Rockies from the former.

Between Gulf of Mexico and Bering sea the evaporation will be great and places that do not get the heavy rains will lose what moisture they have. In the northeastern sections not much rain is expected in October.

The storms of 1914 will be fully as severe and dangerous as were those of 1913. One of the greatest storm periods of recent times will include parts of April and May 1914 and it seems to include the gulf coast and the great central valleys. A great electrical storm will occur within twenty-four hours of May 4.

It is a matter of regret that we can not now more definitely locate these awful storms and give more of the details. The only reason why we can not do this is the great expense and labor necessary to work out the problems. We surely know all the causes and when scientists more generally direct their investigations to the planetary causes instead of trying to dig into the interior of the Sun in hope of finding something there that will explain it all—then we may know in advance not only the time and force of these destructive storms but their locations.

We have mentioned the dangerous storms that are sure to come in April and May in order to give timely warning and will give all the information about them that is possible. We are expending all the money we can get in trying to work out these most important weather problems and the results will be given to the public through the 200 newspapers that are publishing and acting this work.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The two reading Clubs of the town are to resume their weekly meetings early next month. The Paradise will meet on October 1st with its vice president Mrs. F. De M. Bertram, subject, "Vacation Experiences." The Oliphant will meet with its new president, Mrs. Kate Bailey, October 3d, subject, the first reading from Winston Churchill's book, "The Inside of the Cup." The new president of the Paradise Club, Mrs. Thomas Lewis Sorrell, (Miss Elsie Petzka) is in Brooklyn for a ten days' trip, her husband's vessel, the Wyoming, being at the Navy Yard.

The overcrowded conditions of the schools resulted in the opening of a private school at the East side last Monday. Six pupils were enrolled with a prospect of others. For the present they will be taught in a private house, Miss Marion L. Brown of Providence, who was secured as a primary teacher at the Oliphant School, has resigned to accept a position in the lower grades at Pawtuxet.

Mr. John P. Peckham is moving this week to the Howard Bailey house, West Main Road near the car barn, from Portsmouth. His younger son, Roland Peckham, left early in the week for a 2 years course in agriculture and veterinary work at Kingston College, having been the first applicant to be awarded the State Grange scholarship. This is given only to sons or daughters of Grange members in good standing.

The Sunday School at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel resumed its morning sessions last week. At the Sunday School of the Methodist Episcopal Church next Sabbath there will be Rally Day exercises in charge of Miss Elizabeth A. Peckham, Mrs. Ida M. Brown and Mrs. Isaac Peabody. Miss Peckham will give a brief talk upon the Methodist Sunday School in Rome which she visited this summer.

With the opening of St. George's School this week, the vested choir from the school will resume their duties at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel Sunday next. Rev. John B. Dimon will preach.

The cellar at the town house has been excavated and concreted and is ready for the furnace which has been ordered by Councilman Lewis R. Manchester.

The handsome Julien T. Davies estate on Purgatory Road has this week become the property of St. George's School which it adjoins. The field lying at the rear of the School is being greatly improved. A rose hedge is to form the base of a terrace which is being set out with a handsome variety of pine trees and shrubs.

Professor R. D. Cooley of the dairy department at the Kingston College, spoke before the meeting of Aquidneck Grange Monday evening upon "Live Stock and Dairy Interests Viewed from a Practical Standpoint."

Dr. and Mrs. C. Edward Farnum have returned from a two and a half weeks outing at Sterling Grove, Mass. where they were guests of Dr. Farnum's mother, Mrs. Ardelia E. Farnum.

Miss M. May Ward has entered Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., this week and will train for a teacher in Domestic Science.

Edward B. Fryer, one of the Wabash receivers, must sign his name 15,000 times to receivers' certificates, a Federal Court order declared Monday. He cannot use a rubber stamp, and no abbreviation of any kind will be allowed. Poor man.

Mr. Angus McLeod suffered a slight shock on Monday but rallied well and is now in an improved condition. He has been in poor health for a long time.

The police made several raids on unlicensed places last Sunday and secured a quantity of beer and some liquor.

Russell Sage's estate is appraised officially at $614,411,218 personal and $1,945,500 real estate.

Weekly Almanac.

SEPTEMBER 1913 — STANDARD TIME

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High Morn	High Eve	Water Eve
27 Sat	5 38	5 35	2 06	4 52	5 17	
28 Sun	5 39	5 33	3 25	5 40	6 07	
29 Mon	5 40	5 31	sets	6 25	6 53	
30 Tues	5 41	5 30	5 37	7 10	7 43	
1 Wed	5 42	5 28	6 38	7 57	8 28	
2 Thur	5 43	5 26	8 38	8 45	9 15	
3 Fri	5 44	5 24	7 10	9 35	10 08	

First Quarter, 7th day, 5h, 04m., morning
Full Moon, 15th day 7h 49m., morning
Last Quarter, 23d day 7h 30m., morning
New Moon, 29th day 11h 57m evening

Deaths.

In this city, 19th inst., Ernest L., son of Joseph L. and Clara B. Gracey, aged 3 months, 11 days.
In this city, 19th inst., Milton George, infant son of Calen and Annie Roderick.
In this city, 20th inst., Jennie L., widow of John J. Flood.
In this city, 20th inst., Annie G., wife of Patrick Walsh.
In this city, 22d inst., Kattie Henblum, in her 71st year.
In this city, 22d inst., Johanna E., daughter of Jeremiah and the late Mary Leary.
In this city, 24th inst., Ralph Mortimer, son of Timothy J. and Eva A. (Hill) Hayes, aged 4 years and 4 months.
In this city, 25th inst., Bridget, widow of Thomas Hord, aged 93 years.
In this city, 25th inst., Abraham Tilley Anthony.
In Middletown, R. I., 20th inst., Joe P. Silvia, aged 42 years.
In Middletown, 24th inst., at his residence, Greene's lane, William E. Coggeshall, in his 83d year.
In Little Compton, 22d inst., Ellen J., wife of William T. Grinnell, in her 68th year.
In Wickford, 19th inst., Harriet Ellis, wife of William P. Hambly, in her 61st year.
In Providence, 22d inst., Sarah Jane, widow of John Parker, in her 81st year.
In Providence, 23d inst., Caroline Manchester, widow of John Dean Benton, in her 87th year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS.

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for them selves or friends regarding Tenements Houses furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT
32 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1883. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.
Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

DR. PERCY S. SENIOR
(B. A., M. B. B. Ch., D. P. H. St Cambridge.)
Specialist in Diseases of Women
WILL ATTEND
TWICE WEEKLY in NEWPORT
22 years experience, principally in London.
Write him for appointments to
162 MAIN STREET, Westerly, R. I.
7-19-tf

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Mr. Philip Peckham, of Sherburne, Mass., is visiting his mother, Mrs. N. Horace Peckham.

Mrs. M. F. Taylor, of Providence, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Anthony, has gone to Newport to visit Miss Sarah Taylor.

Mrs. White, who has been spending the past six weeks with Mr. and Mrs. John R. Manchester, has returned to her home in Providence.

Mrs. Irving Gorton and Miss Catherine Gorton, of Oaslaing, N. Y., have been visiting Mr. and Mrs Henry Anthony. They have now gone to Jamestown to visit Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Anthony.

At the Union Church on Sunday delegates were appointed to attend the Massachusetts and Rhode Island Christian Conference to be held at Assonet, Mass., Sept 30th. They are Mrs. Peleg A. Coggeshall, Mrs. Albert Loucks, Mrs. Thomas J. Sweet, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Grinnell.

Miss Harriet Wheeler who has been spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Wheeler, has gone to Philadelphia where she has been engaged to teach in the Penn Charter School for boys.

Mrs. Charles Grinnell has as guest her sister, Mrs. John Austin of Providence.

Mr. Oscar Miller has arrived from Paris and is with his family at Bristol Ferry. They will spend the winter in New York instead of going to Paris as is their custom.

Mrs. Robert D. Hall entertained a family party in honor of her 82nd birthday.

Miss Gertrude E. Macomber has returned from a visit to her uncle, Mr. Edward Smiley at the Mountain House, Lake Minnewaska, N. Y. Miss Marion Smiley came with Miss Macomber.

Master Vinson W. McLean, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward McLean of Black Point Farm, is to be an exhibitor at the Brockton Horse Show. He has a stable of Shetland ponies and will enter his finest one, which is said to be the finest specimen of its kind in the world.

"I detest that Mrs. Jones. She always tells what all her clothes cost."
"Well, I detest Mrs. Brown. She never will tell what she pays for anything."—Detroit Free Press.

Notice

Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS
AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.
GEORGE R. WELLINGTON, Clerk.
-15

Keep thoroughly and accurately posted on your investments.
by reading the
BOSTON NEWS BUREAU
It circulates amongst the
Leading Investors of the Country
Write today for sample copy
Published morning and evening
30 Kilby St., Boston
11-16

SHOES
FOR EVERY NEED, AT
THE
T. Mumford Seabury
COMPANY,
214 Thames Street.
IF YOU WANT THE
BEST SEEDS
Come to Our Place
Fernando Barker.

GARDNER NAMED FOR GOVERNOR

Wins In Bay State Primaries In a Light Vote

BARRY IS VICTOR OVER LONG

Will Be Walsh's Running Mate on Democratic Ticket——Mansfield and Burrill Win Contests For State Treasurer—Neither Walsh Nor Bird Have Any Opposition

The following are the three state tickets nominated:

Democrat—Governor, David I. Walsh, Fitchburg; lieutenant governor, Edward P. Barry, Boston; secretary of state, Frank J. Donahun, Boston; treasurer and receiver-general, Frederick W. Mansfield, Boston; auditor, Frank H. Pope, Leominster; attorney general, Thomas J. Boynton, Everett.

Republican—Governor, Augustus P. Gardner, Hamilton; lieutenant governor, Augustus H. Goetting, Springfield; secretary of state, William B. Kinney, Boston; treasurer and receiver-general, Charles L. Burrill, Boston; auditor, John E. White, Tisbury; attorney general, James M. Swift, Fall River.

Progressive—Governor, Charles S. Bird, Walpole; lieutenant governor, Daniel Cosgrove, Lowell; secretary of state, Russell A. Wood, Cambridge; treasurer and receiver-general, Warren R. Keith, Brockton; auditor, Octave A. Laltiviere, Springfield; attorney general, Henry H. Newton, Everett.

Photo by American Press Association.

AUGUSTUS P. GARDNER

Congressman Augustus P. Gardner is the choice of the Republican party for the nomination for governor of Massachusetts. He was nominated over Everett C. Benton by a decisive majority.

Edward P. Barry of Boston was nominated as the Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor, defeating Richard H. Long of South Framingham.

DAVID I. WALSH

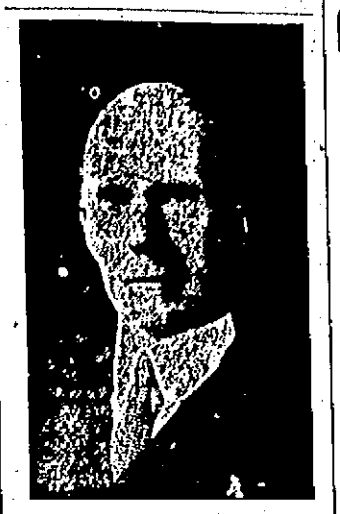
These are the important results of the primaries.

The vote cast was the lightest in years.

From a political standpoint the result of the contest for the lieutenant governorship is most interesting. The defeat of Long by Barry was a smashing defeat for the Democratic state organization. Chairman Riley had announced that Long was the choice of Lieutenant Governor Walsh, Mayor Fitzgerald, Secretary of State Donahue and other Democratic leaders. He predicted that the nomination of Barry would mean the defeat of the Democratic candidate for governor.

Lieutenant Governor Walsh received a big vote in the primaries and was nominated as the Democratic candidate for governor. Charles S. Bird was nominated as the Progressive candidate for governor. Neither Bird nor Walsh had any opposition.

Frederick W. Mansfield was nominated over Joseph L. P. St. Coeur for state treasurer on the Democratic end, and Charles L. Burrill was nominated over Maurice Kane for the Republican nomination for treasurer.



CHARLES S. BIRD

In the contest for district attorney of Suffolk county District Attorney Pelletier defeated Timothy W. Coakley two to one. Pelletier received 21,647 votes against 10,640 for Coakley.

CONTINUES TO DARE DEATH

Pegoud Accomplishes Sensational Exploits In England

Aviator Pegoud thrilled a crowd of thousands at an English aerodrome by flying head downwards, turning somersaults in his machine and making figure eights hundreds of feet above the earth.

Pegoud's remarkable maneuvers began when he had reached a height of 1200 feet from the ground, where he tilted his aeroplane so that it was at right angles to the earth. He then pirouetted on the tip of one wing and did several dives with the nose of his machine downward for 100 feet before he regained his equilibrium.

The aviator then rose to a height of 3000 feet. With a sudden sweep downward he threw the aeroplane on to its back, flew in this manner for some seconds, righted his machine and repeated the performance before reaching the ground, where he was given an ovation by an enormous strong.

COTHAM SOCIETY SHOCKED

Mrs. Mackay Charged With Alienating Blake's Affections

The news that Mrs. Catherine K. Blake, wife of Dr. Joseph A. Blake, had served a summons and complaint on Mrs. Clarence Mackay for $1,000,000 for the alienation of the affections of Blake, caused a general shock among the wealthiest and most exclusive New York society people.

The friendship between the wife of the principal owner of one of the two great telegraph systems of this country and many cable lines and Blake has for more than a year been the subject of gossip in the homes among whom the Mackays and the Blakes had their friends. Public discussion now is only caused by the determination of Mrs. Blake to have an open adjustment of the grievance which she feels she has against her husband and Mrs. Mackay.

NEW DEFENDER ORDERED

Herreschoff to Build Racing Craft For Clark and Pynchon

Commodore Clark of the Philadelphia Corinthian Yacht club and George M. Pynchon of New York are to financially back the building of a Herreschoff designed craft to be a candidate for defending the America's cup against Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger in 1914, and an order came from those two yachtsmen to the Herreschoffs at Bristol, R. I.

The order was the second one taken by the Herreschoffs this fall. The sloop will be seventy-five feet on the water line and of metal construction. Herreschoff is to furnish speed lines equal to those in the Vanderbilt syndicate boat.

INQUEST POSTPONED

Three Alienists For the Prosecution Have an Interview With Schmidt

Hans Schmidt, slayer of Anna Aumuller, was examined at New York by alienists for the state in an effort to determine his mental condition.

His counsel claims he is insane, and in order that expert opinion on this point may be had before the case progresses further, the inquest into the Aumuller girl's death was adjourned to Oct. 2.

By that time a decision as to Schmidt's mental status will have been reached by the state's alienists.

MAY VAN ALEN A BRIDE

Heiress to Millions Kept Her Wedding Plans a Close Secret

Miss May VanAlen, the daughter of J. J. VanAlen of New York and Newport, heiress to millions, was married to Griswold Thompson in the presence of only ten persons at St. George's, Hanover square, London.

The utmost secrecy was preserved. A special license was obtained four days ago. No festivities preceded or followed the event. After the ceremony the couple left for a motoring tour of England.

RACE SEGREGATION LAW

Whites and Blacks Must Live In Separate Blocks In Baltimore

A race segregation ordinance was passed by the Baltimore city council and was signed by Mayor Preston. The measure has the following title:

"An ordinance to prevent conflict and ill-feeling between the white and colored races in Baltimore city, and to preserve the public peace and promote the general welfare by making reasonable provisions requiring the use of separate blocks for residences by white and colored people respectively."

CENSURE FOR DIRECTORATE

In Commerce Commission's Report on Railroad Wreck

ARE "MAGICIANS" IN FINANCE

Suggestion That More Consideration Be Paid to Safety on New Haven Road—Discipline Weak and Ineffective—Disobedience of Rules Caused Wallingford Wreck

Censuring the directorate of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad fro the Wallingford, Conn., wreck on Sept. 2, in which twenty-one persons lost their lives, the interstate commerce commission issued a full report of the investigation of the accident.

The report holds that the directorate "should feel themselves called upon to turn from the consideration of the financial questions in which the road is involved and give their consideration to the questions of safety."

The commission calls attention to the large number of wrecks which have taken place on the New Haven and virtually places responsibility for these accidents and the resultant loss of life upon the directorate of the road, whom it refers to as "magicians in the art of finance and wizards in the construction, operation and consolidation of great systems of railroads."

The report further calls attention to the fact that "no intelligent system was devised by which to ascertain when the rules were disobeyed."

It is also charged that rules were violated many times and that only small portions of these violations were reported to the officials of the company.

"Discipline was weak and ineffective," reads the report, "certainly a fault of the management. Rules were inefficient and the fault of the higher officials. Rules were inadequately enforced, the blame for which must be charged to the officials.

"This government has the power, if this railroad will not itself exercise its own authority, to compel the safeguarding of traffic over this line."

The direct and proximate cause of this disaster, says the report, was the failure of those members of these train crews to obey rules to exercise the degree of care under the circumstances which was commensurate with grave responsibility resting upon them at that time.

"Man failure in this case," says Commissioner McChord, who prepared the report after an exhaustive personal investigation of the accident, "began high up in official authority, and it was not an unnatural sequence that it reached down to those in positions lower in official rank, but still weighted with great responsibility.

"Reference to the management of this railroad has no application to the new president. Presumably he was selected because of his fitness as a railroad manager. It is to be hoped that he may be permitted to devote himself primarily to the problems of safety of operation which plus railroad management is now under the highest compulsion of duty and humanity properly to solve."

THREE-MASTER HITS SUBMERGED WRECK

Nothing Saved as She Goes Down With All Sails Set

The three-masted schooner Nellie F. Sawyer of Portland, Me., New York city to Calais, Me., hit a submerged rock three-quarters of a mile north of Pollock Rip lightship, off Chatham, Mass., and sank within ten minutes.

The crew of four saved themselves by taking to a rowboat. So rapidly did the vessel sink that they barely escaped the suction.

When the schooner hit the obstruction, she was traveling along at a good clip, with all sails set. Not a thing was saved from the vessel.

The crew rowed to the Pollock Rip lightship and the Monomoy Point lifesaving crew brought them to Chatham.

DEATH OF MRS. DRAPER

Wife of Ex-Governor of Massachusetts Succumbs to Heart Disease

Mrs. Eben S. Draper, wife of ex-Governor Draper of Massachusetts, died suddenly at her home at Hopedale, Mass. She had been suffering from heart disease the past year.

Mrs. Draper was 55 years old. She was married to Draper in 1883. She was the daughter of the late General Benjamin H. Briscoe, who was secretary of the treasury and attorney general under President Grant, and afterward United States senator from Kentucky.

MRS. LEE GRANTED DIVORCE

Charged Husband, Who Is a Judge, With Extreme Cruelty

Mrs. Mary A. Lee was granted a divorce at Providence from Judge T. Z. Lee, a local lawyer, who was her counsel in a winning fight when relatives strove two years ago to break the $2,000,000 will by which her first husband—Fred A. Newell—had left her the bulk of his fortune. Newell was a manufacturing jeweler of Attleboro, Mass.

In her divorce papers Mrs. Lee alleged extreme cruelty.

SULZER RETIRES UNTIL TRIAL ENDS

Step Taken Because Proceedings Are to Continue

Attorneys for Governor Sulzer are prepared to exhaust the last of their legal ammunition to prevent the story of his alleged misuse of campaign contributions from being told on the witness stand.

Judge Herrick, chief counsel for Governor Sulzer, announced that in view of the fact that the court of impeachment refused to dismiss the proceedings, the governor would renounce his claim to the right to exercise the functions of governor pending the termination of the trial.

RESERVOIR BREAKS

Twenty Thousand Chicopee People Temporarily Inconvenienced

About 20,000 persons at Chicopee, Mass., were deprived of all fire protection and were inconvenienced for want of water for general purposes when a dam at the Cooley Brook reservoir collapsed.

The water submerged hundreds of acres of land and swept small buildings, trees, fences and almost everything of a movable nature before it. The damage is estimated at $20,000.

NEW ENGLAND GLEANINGS

Arthur Haverland, aged 36, a lineman, fell twenty-five feet from a pole at Cambridge, Mass., and died two hours later. The fall broke his back and fractured his skull.

Fully 20,000 people attended the opening of the new building of the Y. M. C. A. at Boston. The structure is considered one of the best equipped of its kind in the world.

Eugene Burke of Brockton, Mass., was killed, and his brother, William Burke, L. B. Crowell and Edward Manley, all of Brockton, were seriously injured in an automobile accident.

Freeman Harvey, aged 18, was held without bail for the grand jury on a charge of murder after a hearing at Belfast, Me. He was accused by George H. Harvey with having killed the latter's son, Elmer S. Harvey. The two young men were cousins.

F. W. Thayer, captain of the Harvard baseball teams for three years, and inventor of the catcher's mask, which changed the entire history of the national game, died suddenly of heart failure at his summer home at Cohasset, Mass.

T. H. Perkins & Co, stock brokers, Boston, filed a petition in bankruptcy, showing liabilities of $157,608, and assets of $100,630.

While attempting to recover his hat which had fallen into a cistern, Ralph Poulotte, aged 7, was drowned at Waterville, Me.

A large barn at East Monkton, Vt., belonging to E. D. Lamb, was destroyed by fire, together with all its contents, including twenty-three cows. The loss is $10,000.

Robert Newson, 90 years of age, the died at Portsmouth, N. H. He was an expert skater and enjoyed the pastime until over 80. He is survived by a widow and one son.

Two Houlton, Me., women, Edith Williams and Sarah Curtis, pleaded guilty in the federal court at Portland to a charge of smuggling liquors across the Canadian border. Their cases were continued until the next term of court.

The village hotel, general store and postoffice, a residence and several barns and sheds at East Berkshire, Vt., were destroyed by a fire of unknown origin. Dynamite was used to check the spread of the flames. The loss is $25,000.

Thomas A. Kelley & Co., tanners, Lynn, Mass., owe $599,537, according to bankruptcy schedules filed by the company in the United States district court at Boston. The company was petitioned into bankruptcy by creditors on Aug. 19, following a general assignment at Lynn on Aug. 15.

DANDRUFF COVERED COAT COLLAR

Scalp Itched and Burned Intensely. Hair Dry and Thin. Kept Falling Out. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Entirely Cured.

51 Stanwood St., Dorchester, Mass.—"For the past few years my scalp was very much affected with dandruff. It would itch and burn and cause loss of sleep. I found pimples and many sores appearing on my scalp. The itching and burning of the scalp were so intense that I scratched and thereby caused the sores to appear. My hair would be dry and thin and would keep falling out gradually, mainly coming out from the top of my head. My coat collar would always be covered with dandruff and as it scaled off it could be seen plainly in my hair.

"I tried many remedies but without success. The trouble having lasted for about five years I finally purchased a box of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The first application of Cuticura Soap and Ointment showed results. The itching stopped and the dandruff had begun to disappear. After washing my head with Cuticura Soap each night for two months and then applying the Cuticura Ointment after my hair was dried I was entirely cured." (Signed) Bernard Bresnick, May 17, 1913.

For more than a generation Cuticura Soap and Ointment have afforded the most economical treatment for affections of the skin and scalp that torture, itch, burn, scale, and destroy sleep. Sold everywhere. Sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S BANK.

This Bank is, and will continue to be, the business man's bank of Newport.

The same liberal and successful policy that has built up this strong institution will be continued in the future.

Business men and others are invited to consult us about their financial and business needs.

THE NEWPORT TRUST CO.

303 THAMES STREET.

Can You Recall

When the brakes were all of the "Armstrong" pattern?

The jerks of the link and pin coupling?

How you could tell as the train started the number of cars by counting the jolts?

Remember the good old air-tight stoves to heat the ends of the cars?

And the lard oil lamps to change the darkness into glimmer?

Remember those good old days?

As you ride swiftly, smoothly, luxuriously over the rails today, look into the past.

"The luxury of yesterday is the necessity of today."

THE NEW ENGLAND LINES

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD — New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Co. — MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD

CHAFING DISHES

With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

Why not see US about it?

If you are contemplating any work along publicity lines—

Catalogs, Pamphlets, Booklets, Circular Work

we are prepared to do it for you and do it well. We have a complete and up-to-date Printing Office. This plant is in charge of expert and experienced men—men who are instructed under no circumstances to produce anything but the best work possible. We work in all processes in which ink and paper are combined. We write and edit copy—We can serve you and and serve you well.

Why not see US about it?

We can do any work that can be done in any Printing Office in the United States,

Mercury Publishing Company.

182 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

GUNS IN A CRATER

Diamond Head, Uncle Sam's Lava Fortress in Hawaii.

GIBRALTAR OF THE PACIFIC.

The Mighty Defenses of Oahu Make That Lovely Island a Veritable Fire Lined Wall of Steel, Behind Which Crouches "the Lion of Hawaii."

Diamond Head, that monumental elevation of lava which stands out so prominently on the Honolulu side of the lovely island of Oahu, Hawaii, is the one and only original crater in the world which is being devoted to the use of the army of a great power.

The island of Oahu is the key to the Pacific, and Uncle Sam carries that key on a chain in his capacious pocket. At any time war breaks out Uncle Sam's hand, which has not lost its cunning, will go to that pocket with the swiftness of a western sheriff, and the result will be a roar of guns which will be heard around the world. The roar will be contributed to by the guns of Fort Ruger, which are at the base of Diamond Head on the landward side.

From Diamond Head, called by poets "the Lion of Hawaii," to Pearl Harbor, named by newspaper writes "the Gibraltar of the Pacific," there is a chain of forts which makes Oahu one of the greatest fortresses in the world. When in Honolulu the writer had the pleasure of working with Albert Pierce Taylor, who has been spoken of as "the recognized literary authority on things pertaining to Pearl Harbor and the defenses of Hawaii." He said on one occasion:

"Uncle Sam has declared to the world that he is on guard in the Pacific. At Pearl Harbor is Fort Kamehameha, with its battery of twelve inch guns; at the mouth of Honolulu harbor will be a battery of small guns; at Fort De Russy, Waikiki, a battery of fourteen inch guns; while at Diamond Head a battery of eight mortars has been mounted for some few years. Within the extinct crater of Diamond Head, Gibraltar-like galleries have been constructed, and in one of them an observatory has been established. The fire control for all the Oahu coast batteries has been located in this gallery. From this station the fire of the guns of all the forts can be directed by the electric telegraph. The guns of Pearl Harbor cross those of Diamond Head and with the batteries between make a veritable wall of steel."

After inspecting the guns at Fort Ruger two of us, with a soldier guide, walked to the entrance of the gallery, which has been bored through the lava and sandstone which compose the steep sides of the crater of Diamond Head. A sentry barred the way. The permit was produced and proved the open sesame.

The heavy iron door at the entrance to the volcanic passage was swung back, and, with a soldier in front and another in the rear, the visitors started down the gallery. A single narrow gauge track ran the entire length of the passage. On this steel small trucks had been pushed by the soldiers, who loaded and unloaded the debris which army comrades had dug from the walls of the crater. The ties were broken in places, and the guide issued a warning to step carefully.

On first stepping into the gallery the darkness, after the tropical sunlight, was of the kind that Milton described as visible. Only a few steps had been taken before the light at the far end of the gallery was easily seen.

Instead of the barren lava bowl, "hard as flint and as smooth as glass," as the picture man so picturesquely puts it, the inside of the crater was found to be grass covered, with trees and bushes standing here and there, which drew their moisture from the "liquid sunshine," as the Honolulu people charmingly describe the rain.

The guide pointed out the observatory high up on the Ewa side of the crater from which officers direct the shooting by the men who man the big guns at the fort outside the crater. Those men never see the target at which they aim far out at sea. The projectiles from the high powered guns pass over the crater, and by telephone from the observatory the men learn whether they have made a hit or miss. They generally score a hit.

In the event of a war involving the United States on the Pacific the crater of Diamond Head may indeed prove "the Lion of Hawaii," as Frances Bent Dillingham, a Honolulu poet, has described it, and "if once stirred his paw could sweep a navy to its death. If once aroused his roar would soon be heard across the sea and echoed from the sky."—Harold Sands in Los Angeles Times.

Quite Superfluous.

Mrs. Ellsworth had a new colored maid. One morning, as the maid came downstairs, the mistress said:

"Emma, did you knock at Miss Flora's door when I sent you up with her breakfast?"

"No, ma'am," replied the maid, with preternatural gravity. "What was de use ob a-knockin' at her do' w'en I knowed fo' sure she was in dar?"—New York Post.

In the Same Boat.

Her Dad (sternly)—So you want to marry my daughter, do you? Scared Suitor—Y-yes, sir, b-b-but not any worse than she wants to marry me.—Boston Transcript.

He is the truly courageous man who never despends.—Confucius.

Cheering.

Mrs. Knagg—If I were to die you'd never get another wife like me. Knagg—It's very kind of you to say that.—Boston Transcript.

Method is the hinge of business, and there is no method without order and punctuality.—Hannah More.

CUZCO AND THE INCAS.

Peru's Ancient City Was on the Plan of the Roman Camp.

The ancient city of Cuzco, when first viewed by European eyes, was, according to the best authorities, a great and wealthy municipality of perhaps 200,000 souls. How old it was at that time we have scant means of knowing. Garcilasso would have us believe that there were only thirteen Incas in the royal family line from Manco Capac to Huayna Capac. Montesinos, on the other hand, assures us that the Incas ruled a thousand years! Which are we to believe? No written history of the race exists—only the records of the julpus, those queer knotted strings which were the Incas' sole documents and for which no archaeologist has as yet discovered the key, the Rosetta stone.

Cuzco's original plan was, singularly enough, that of the Roman camp, a quadrangle divided by two intersecting streets into quarters, with a gate on each face and towers at the angles.

The Incas, like the citizens of the United States, had no more definite name for their country than Tavantinsuya, the Empire of the Four Provinces. The four streets of the capital, prolonged by great roads, divided it into four main provinces, each under the dominion of its governor. When their people came to Cuzco they lodged in their own quarter, where they adhered to their national costumes and the customs of their own province.

The city today retains the same general plan, its two principal streets being virtually the old main thoroughfares. Its two eastern quarters lie upon steep hillsides; the two western are in the valley, where runs a little river, the Huatanay, spanned by bridges.

The northeast quarter was the Palatine hill of this South American Rome and contains the palaces of the kings, for each Inca, after the manner of the Roman emperors, built his own abode, scorning to live in that of his predecessor.—Scribner's Magazine.

HISTORIC NOTRE DAME.

Checkered Career of the Wonderful Parisian Cathedral.

Some account of the history and vicissitudes of Notre Dame appears in the London Strand Magazine. The first cathedral was erected in the year 528 by Childebert and afterward demolished, the same site being used for the present building, which was begun in 1163 and finished in 1351.

Alexander III. laid the foundation stone, the first mass being celebrated by the patriarch Heraclius. The grand old building has been sorely beset by many dangers and has witnessed many strange and stirring scenes.

The reign of terror in 1793 led to such disgraceful orgies within the precincts of the cathedral that it was closed to the public as a place of divine worship in 1794, but was reopened in 1802 by Napoleon. The interior has suffered severely at times at the hands of the mob and individuals. The worst offender was perhaps Louis XIV., who, carrying out his father's vow, caused the destruction of the fourteenth century stalls, the high altar embellished with gold and silver statuettes, the cloisters, tombs and unique stained glasswork. In 1845 restoration was necessary in many parts of the building, the work being successfully undertaken by Lassus, Viollet le Duc and Boeswillwald.

In 1871, also, during the commune, Notre Dame was menaced with grave dangers owing to the fury of the communists, who, having effected an entrance, collected all the available chairs and other combustible material and, piling them in a bonfire, drenched with oil in the center of the choir, attempted to destroy the cathedral by fire. The evil designs of the incendiaries were, however, happily frustrated by the arrival of the national guard.

Misters Are Second Class.

Though one cannot decide what is a lady by rule of thumb, there are certain kindred problems that can be solved in that way, and the railway company knows how to solve them. Are you, for instance, an esquire or only a plain mister? The railway company can tell at once. If you hold a second class season ticket any letter comes addressed to Mr. Blank, but if you rise to a first class you become at once A. Blank, Esq. That is where the railway has the pull over the motorbus, on which there are no classes.—London Globe.

One Worse.

Binks, with a yawn, said to a fisherman:

"Time ain't very valuable to you, brother; that's plain. Here I been a-watchin' you three hours, and you ain't had a bite!"

"Well," drawled the fisherman, "my time's too valuable, anyhow, to waste three hours of it watchin' a feller fish that ain't gettin' a bite."—San Francisco Call.

Habits of the Hired Man.

"Well, did them moving picture people get pictures of everything on the farm?"

"Everything but the gosh blamed hired man," said Farmer Heck. "They couldn't ketch him in motion."—Kansas City Journal.

Preliminaries.

Recovered Patient. Please tell me just what was done at the hospital, doctor.

Famous Surgeon. Well, we anaesthetized you, removed your tonsils, adenoids and appendix, attached two floating kidneys and then—"

Recovered Patient. Good heavens! Then! Then what?

Famous Surgeon. Then we started to operate.—Life.

"My wife is very particular," said the customer to the house decorator. She says she wants the walls to match her complexion."

"Oh, she wants 'em painted, then and not papered," replied the wise man.—Yonkers Statesman.

A NATURAL RIDDLE

Attraction of Gravitation Is a Mystery to Science.

IT CONTROLS THE UNIVERSE.

Yet That Wonderful Force That Directs and Regulates Moons, Planets, Suns and Stars Without Visible Means of Connection Is Inexplicable.

The mystery of mysteries in science is the attraction of gravitation—that very force of nature that is the most familiar to us all. It seems strange that the most familiar thing in the world should be at the same time the most inexplicable, but so it is.

In order to see clearly wherein the mystery consists, let us first consider what gravitation appears to be. It is gravitation that gives the property of weight to all bodies. If there were no gravitation we could float like thistledowns and infinitely better than thistledowns, for they, too, are finally brought down by gravitation.

It is gravitation that brings a cannon ball eventually to the earth, no matter how swiftly it may be projected. The faster it starts the farther it will go, but during every second of its flight it drops the same distance vertically toward the earth, whether the speed imparted to it by the powder is 500 or 3,000 feet per second. Gravitation acts on a moving body exactly as well as on one at rest.

It is gravitation that curbs the motion of the moon and keeps it in an orbit of which the earth is the active focus.

So, too, it is gravitation that governs the earth in its motion around the sun, preventing it from flying away into boundless space. Astronomy shows that gravitation acts between all the plants and all the stars and controls their motions with respect to one another.

Now, this mysterious force appears to be an attraction, as if there were elastic cords connecting all the bodies in space and tending to draw them together. But space, as far as our senses can detect, is empty. There are no elastic cords and no physical connections whatever between astronomical bodies or between a flying stone or cannon ball and the earth. How, then, can there be an attraction? In order that a body may be attracted or drawn there must be something to draw it. Gravitation does the trick, but completely hides from us the mechanism through which it acts. We can discover no mechanism at all.

When an unfortunate aeroplanist drops from his machine at a height of a thousand feet he begins at once to fall toward the earth as if it were pulling him. But how can it pull if it has nothing to pull with? You may think at first sight that it is the air which acts as an intermediary, but that is not so, because the earth and the moon "pull" upon one another with a force equal to the strength of a steel cable 500 miles in diameter. But there is no air and no other tangible thing in the open space, 240,000 miles across, that gaps between the moon and the earth.

Then, gravitation exerts the same force at every instant. No matter how fast the falling aeronaut may be descending at any moment, gravitation will keep on adding speed as if he had just started. Disregarding the slight retardation produced by the resistance of the air, he will fall sixteen feet in the first second, forty-eight feet in the second second, eighty feet in the third second, gaining thirty-two feet in his velocity during every second after the first.

From a height of 1,000 feet he will come down in about eight seconds, and will strike the ground with a velocity of about 256 feet per second. From a height of 10,000 feet he would fall in about twenty-five seconds and would strike with a velocity of 400 feet per second.

The same kind of calculation can be applied to the gravitation between the earth and the moon. If the moon were not in motion across the direction of the earth's "pull" it would fall to the earth in about 116 hours.

Now, to return to the mystery, how is this force exerted? Is it really a pull, as it seems to be? The answer to which science is tending is that instead of being a pull, gravitation is a push; in other words, that the falling aeronaut is pushed toward the ground and the moon is pushed toward the earth.

On the face of it one might think that nothing was gained by this theory, because it seems as impossible that a push should be exerted without a tangible connection as a pull. But the clew is found in the supposed properties of that invisible, intangible, all pervading medium called the ether.

This, to be sure, is explaining one mystery by another, for we know nothing about the ether except that it conveys the waves of light and electricity; but, at any rate, it affords a conceivable explanation of gravitation. Dr. Charles F. Brush's theory regards the ether is being filled with a peculiar form of waves and that material bodies may intercept these waves in such a way as to be pushed toward one another on account of the diminished effect of the ether waves in the space between the bodies.—Garrett P. Serviss in New York Journal.

If you know how to spend less than you get you have the philosopher's stone.—Benjamin Franklin.

His Thrilling Experience.

The following is an extract from a youthful autobiography:

"I am eleven years old. When I was three I had the scarlet fever. After that I had mumps, measles and whooping cough, soon a great dane jumped and bit my face and then I fell off a ladder and broke my arm. Mother says boys have much better times now than when she was childish."—Everybody's.

"My wife is very particular," said the customer to the house decorator. "She says she wants the walls to match her complexion."

"Oh, she wants 'em painted, then, and not papered," replied the wise man.—Yonkers Statesman.

SHAW, THE ECCENTRIC.

His Personality Compels Him to Wear Cocoa Colored Clothes.

"I love order in all things," said George Bernard Shaw at a public meeting some time ago. "For this reason I am not content with ordering my life; I also order my personality. I have cocoa colored hair, so I wear cocoa colored clothes and drink cocoa." Shaw today has reached the position of becoming a public institution. For more than twenty years he has succeeded in fulfilling his boast that every day some leading paper would have something to say about him.

George Bernard Shaw is the jester at the court of King Demos. When years ago he was appointed dramatic critic to a well known journal he refused to obey the ironclad regulation that occupants of the stalls must wear evening dress. The first night he was stopped at the door of a theater by an attendant. "What do you object to?" inquired Shaw. "My cocoa colored jacket?" The attendant assented. "Very well then," said the critic, "I will remove it." And the next moment he was striding up the aisle in his shirt sleeves.

"That won't do, sir!" shouted the attendant, running after him.

"Won't do?" exclaimed Shaw with a fine assumption of indignation. "Do you think I'm going to take off any more?" The nonplussed attendant handed him his jacket and Shaw took his seat in the stalls triumphantly.

During the first nine years this brilliant man was in London his earnings from literature brought him the princely sum of £6. Now he has an income of several thousands a year. Of that period which he spent in want he says with his characteristic candor: "My mother worked for my living instead of preaching that it was my duty to work for her; therefore, take off your hat to her and blush. I did not throw myself into the struggle for life; I threw my mother into it. I was not a staff to my father's old age; I hung on to his coat tails."—London Life.

A CURIOUS LOVE SCENE.

Rochefort Sprang a Surprise on the Troubled Couple.

Rochefort could be very democratic on occasions. I remember an amusing incident which occurred when Rochefort was in London. His French chambermaid fell in love with his English coachman, and they were engaged to be married. John, who never spoke of Rochefort otherwise than as "the marquee," gloomily informed Charlotte that their project must be kept a profound secret, for it was a custom in aristocratic houses in London that when servants in the same household became engaged to be married they were promptly dismissed. Charlotte could hardly believe this, but John assured her that it was so.

At last Charlotte took her courage in two hands and, dragging the trembling John behind her, advanced into the awesome presence of "the marquee" while he was taking coffee after lunch. I was present and witnessed the scene. "Monsieur Rochefort," said the chambermaid boldly, "I have something to tell you."

Rochefort—Tell me, my child.

Charlotte—John loves me, and I love John, and we want to be married. (John went as pale as a sheet.) Does monsieur see any objection?

Rochefort (his great blue eyes dancing with fun, his arms raised in the air)—Objection, my children, objection? What earthly objection can I have? Venez donc que je vous embrasse! (Come and let me embrace you.)

And, to the utter amazement of John, he heartily kissed both young lovers on both cheeks.—Westminster Gazette.

Can't Escape Lime Salts.

In answer to a communication from a lay correspondent, who expresses his belief that "the lime in common water has much to do with bringing on old age," the London Lancet says that while that opinion is common, it is, of course, fatuous. To those people who believe that water is the only possible channel by which lime salts are conveyed to the organism the writer says, "Lime salts are inseparable from the common, everyday articles of food, so that if hard water were left out of the dietary there would still be secured a large intake of lime salts, which could only be avoided by a hunger strike."

Woman and Clothes.

One can't help thinking what a colorless life a man is forced to lead when one reflects that chiffon and venetian point and hand embroidery and Irish crochet are to him mere empty words, whereas a woman, whether she is interested in babies, or microbes, or husbands, or poetry, or servants, or parallelograms, or gardens, or Plato, or bridge, is fundamentally and always interested in clothes.—"Daddy Longlegs," by Jean Webster.

In a Dilemma.

"What are you crying for, Bobbie?"

"Boo-hoo! Willie's broke his arm, an' if I lick him all the fellers will say I'm a coward."

"Why don't you wait till he's well?"

"Boo-hoo! I can't lick him then."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Picking Up.

"How's collections at your church, Brudder Hambone?"

"Much better since we got a one armed man to pass de plate."—Washington Herald.

Kept the Better Half.

Algy—You say she only partially returned your affections? Clarence—Yes. She returned all the love letters, but retained all the jewelry.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Miss Youngthing—Boo-boo-hoo! Charley's given me a ring set with a mean little turquoise. Her Mother—That's an emblem of constancy. Miss Youngthing—It isn't. It's proof of stinginess.

We all encounter woe and strife,
Be sure of that.
A woman has no joy in life
When getting fat.
—Pittsburgh Post

LAWS OF THE MIND.

I am firmly convinced that all the phenomena of the child world, those which delight us as well as those that grieve us, depend upon fixed laws, as definite as those of the cosmos, the planetary system and the operations of nature, and it is therefore possible to discover them and examine them. When once we know and have assimilated these laws we shall be able powerfully to counteract any retrograde and faulty tendencies in the children, and to encourage at the same time all that is good and virtuous.—Friedrich Froebel.

THE LONESOMEST.

The desert waste is not the loneliest place,
Nor the midocean, nor the mountain's crest.
Oh, these be lonesome spots for men to face.
But not the loneliest!

One feels alone amid the bustling crowd
Of strangers in strange cities, too, but not
So much alone, though Silence shrieks aloud,
As in one lonely spot.

I know of, 'Tis the place you've visited
Once with a loved one—sometime, anywhere—
And visit once again, when years are fled—
And that One is not there!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WORDS OF THINKERS.

To do an evil action is base. To do a good action without incurring danger is common enough, but it is the part of a good man to do great and noble deeds, though he risks everything.—Plutarch.

All human history is the history of reform. The evolution of the race, physically, morally or mentally, has been thus accomplished.—Anon.

Honor must grow out of humility, freedom out of discipline, righteous joy out of righteous sorrow, true strength out of true knowledge of our own weakness, sound peace of mind out of sound contrition.—Charles Kingsley.

They tell you that habit reconciles you in time to many unwelcome things. Let us not trust to this alone. Custom, indeed, sweetens the rugged lot when the cheerful soul is in it. It does but imbitter it the more when the soul stays out of it.—James Martineau.

MISDIRECTED.

Too many persons who see the sign "P. C." in the heavens think it means "Preach Christ" when it means "Plow Corn." Out of the superior educational advantages of today one unhappy corollary has developed. A vast army of persons whose labors would make for the industrial advancement of the nation have conceived themselves fitted for fancied nobler pursuits and thus the progress they would have made in the work they are fitted for is lost.—Vice President Marshall.

THE CORN SONG.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard.
Heap high the golden corn.
No richer gift has autumn poured
From out her lavish horn.

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift,
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
Beneath the sun of May
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robbers crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves
And bear the treasurer home.
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

TRIALS OF AN EXPLORER.

Sickness and Agony That Livingstone Endured in Africa.

Writing on David Livingstone, missionary and African explorer, Sir Harry H. Johnston says in the British Geographical Journal: "During the winter or rainy season of 1868-9 Livingstone was very ill. He had been wet times without number and suffered from terrible pains in the chest and pneumonia. He was often semi-delirious and subject to delusions, such as that the bark of the trees was covered with figures and faces of men. He thought often of his children and friends, and his thoughts seemed almost to conjure them up before him. For the first time in his life he was being carried and could not raise himself to a sitting position. The Arabs were very kind to him in his extreme weakness, but the vertical sun, blistering any part of the skin exposed to it, tried him sorely in the day marches.

"In July, 1870, his feet were almost consumed with irritable, eating ulcers, pulsating with pain. * * * These sores were obviously communicated by mosquitoes from the blood of the wretched slaves who were tortured with them. Livingstone could fall asleep when he wished at the shortest notice. A mat and a shady tree under which to spread it would at any time afford him a refreshing sleep. But in his last years of travel sleep was oftenmade sad by the realistic dreams of happy English life from which he wakened to find himself ill and consumed with anxiety that he might not live to complete his mission.

"After 1869 he suffered much from the results of the decay and loss of his molar teeth, so that imperfect mastication of rough African food induced sorere dyspepsia, and his bodily strength weakened under a condition of permanent malnutrition. Stanley, by relieving him when he did, gave him at least two more years of life, a certain measure of happiness and the sweet consolation that he was not forgotten and that the magnitude of his discoveries was appreciated."

DISEASED THOUGHT.

When You Realize That Is What Worry Is You Have It Mastered.

Concentrated thought is virtually irresistible. All the vast edifice of modern science and industry is obviously the product of thought, much of it of our own time and observation. The birth of an idea in the human mind is clearly the one and only dawn of empires and revolutions, of engines, philosophies, trade routes, civilization.

To class worry under the head of thinking, therefore, seems a glaring sacrilege. Yet worry is thought, for all that—diseased, impure, adulterated thought. It means an admixture of emotion, of the worst of all emotions—fear—into one's thinking. Instead of concentrated, clear, serene thinking on the problem in hand, worry is thinking muddled black with fear. It is about as helpful as clapping the brakes upon wheels toiling uphill.

Yet all the world is laboring under that Egyptian heaviness of the wheels, and almost every spirit is a spirit in the dark prison of fear. But once we grasp this truth clearly, once we convince ourselves that we can rid our thought of emotionalism, of fear, the day of our deliverance is at hand. And the substitution of encouraging, healthy thought, of new channels among the worn ruts, is a powerful aid.

There may be failures and backslidings, as is customary in all mortal effort and human endeavor. But fear is weakened like a choking thing, and more and more clear and unimpeded becomes our thinking, for we realize at last, once for all, that where thinking cannot help us fear certainly will not. And then we have worry by the throat.—Collier's Weekly.

BEAUTY IN AN AX.

Glowing Tribute to the Symmetry of the American Product.

In Professor T. De Tarno's "Aesthetic Education" Von Hartmann's formal orders of beauty are the text for several chapters, one of which in treating the proportion maintains the following thesis:

"There is an actual, possibly a necessary, correlation between mechanical efficiency and aesthetic proportion. In other words, as a tool or a machine increases in all round efficiency there is a corresponding increase in the aesthetic quality of its proportions."

As an example the American ax, "the most beautiful in existence," is described and analyzed:

"Theory, accident and experience have stood beside the smith as he has forged the blade, the head and the eye of the ax. The same forces have influenced the makers of the handle as they have selected the hickory, have shaped it in the rough with ax and drawing knife and finished it by the open fireside with knife and sandpaper and broken glass. From a straight, round stick it has become what we see, a gracefully curving handle, flat enough to enable the woodsman to hold the blade true, large enough to fit the hand comfortably, enlarged sufficiently at the end to make sure the grasp yet be no bar to the comfort of the user and curved enough to secure the maximum of ease and vigor of stroke.

"The whole constitutes a balanced perfection which is as beautiful in its proportion as it is efficient in its action. The edge of the blade rounds gently at its extremities for ease of entrance to the wood and recovery from it; above these rounded ends of the cutting edge the blade is made somewhat thinner front and back than through the body of the wedge, and for a similar reason, namely, that there may be greater recovery for the next stroke. The head is just massive enough to balance the blade and is either made square for striking a nonpenetrating blow or is gently rounded."

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A Compromise.

MARY BARRETT HOWARD.

The coming of Mrs. Achsa Tarbox to the Wellsville Home for Aged Women was signalized by the abrupt departure of the dove of peace, which had hitherto hovered contentedly above the towers and battlements of the building.

It was painful to see the ease with which one unreconciled, rebellious old woman could put that shy bird to rout.

Mrs. Tarbox had a way of drawing a little drab shawl over her shoulders that would invariably send the inmates shivering out of the big parlor and up to their rooms. They would light their gas-stoves and shudder in front of them just as if the rooms had really been cold; and this malign power of suggestion was shown in other unfortunate ways. One suspicious glance through her steel-bowed glasses at the meat on her plate, one wary sniff at the butter, could make those around her sure that the food was not good.

Worst of all, she contrived to fill the minds of the inmates with suspicions of one another, and before many weeks had passed, old ladies who for years had lived side by side in peace and amity eyed each other askance, and the whole institution was in a turmoil.

The managers and the matron held many anxious but unprofitable consultations. Then suddenly all was changed, Mrs. Tarbox's power of suggestion was now exerted only to beneficent ends.

The big parlor was no longer empty, but filled with old ladies crowded about a common center of attraction, Mrs. Achsa Tarbox, in a gay and friendly mood, and no longer wearing the depressing drab shawl, recounted lively anecdotes and reminiscences. Her clever fingers patiently guided clumsy ones through the intricacies of a cooperative "snowflake" quilt. She herself had suggested the idea of making it, so that the Home might win the first prize at the next county fair, and thereby gain profit and lasting glory. And in the dining-room Mrs. Tarbox showed unexpected enjoyment of her meals.

As they were wise women, the board of governors did not seek to learn the cause of the change in one whose coming had so upset all law and order; and the inmates, for the most part, were content to bask unquestioningly in Mrs. Tarbox's smiles.

Unfortunately, since the time of Eve, there have always been members of the sex who seem unable to let well enough alone, and such a one was Mrs. Tarbox's neighbor in the left-hand corridor. At all hours of the day Mrs. Jones might have been seen talking in a low voice to one or another of the inmates about the questions that perplexed her.

"It ain't her grandson that's calmed her down," she would declare, shaking her head beneath its white cap, "for Tommy's been here reg'lar as clock-work every Sunday afternoon since Mis' Tarbox first set foot in the Home. I've noticed lately that he's brought a big bundle with him, and I should have thought he'd been fetchin' her presents, and that was what had smoothed her down so; but I've watched sharp, and I've seen him takin' it away again. And besides, everybody knows that when Mis' Tarbox lost her money and had to come here, there wasn't a thing left for Tommy, and he had to quit school and get a job as an errand boy at five dollars a week. Wages like that give no leeway for makin' presents.

"Well, it beats me, that's certain!" Mrs. Jones always would conclude.

One night about three weeks later, Mrs. Jones was awakened by sounds that had been only too familiar to her in those days when as an overworked housewife she had often "sat up till all hours" to get a big ironing out of the way. Yes, she certainly heard the well-known thump of an iron on a piece of linen that needed hard pressing, and the well-known clash as the iron was put back on the stand. In a moment Mrs. Jones had jumped out of bed and crossed the room; bending over, she gazed through the keyhole of the door between her room and Mrs. Tarbox's.

"And there she was at two o'clock in the mornin', ironin' away for dear life at a man's shirts and collars and cuffs!" Mrs. Jones announced breathlessly the next morning to some interested listeners. "No, I wasn't mistaken. When they were done, she hung them over the back of a chair, and I could see them plain as plain."

The matron sighed. "I wish you hadn't Mrs. Jones," she lamented. "Of course it's against all rules and regulations, and I suppose it's got to be stopped. But things were running so smoothly that I do hate to have them upset again. Now don't any of you speak of this to Mrs. Tarbox. There's a board meeting this afternoon, and I'll consult the ladies and see what's best to do."

A report of the mysterious work that had been observed in Mrs. Tarbox's room was accordingly submitted to the managers that afternoon, and Miss Letchworth, a woman whose tact fitted her to deal with refractory inmates was sent to interview Mrs. Tarbox. She started on the mission reluctantly.

When she spoke of the ironing, Mrs. Tarbox stiffened like some fierce little trapped animal, all teeth and claws. Then unexpectedly she bowed her gray head on her hands and gave way to tears. But after a while, under Miss Letchworth's affectionate ministrations, she regained some of her self-control.

"I know I behaved badly when I first came, Miss Letchworth," she confessed, "but it pretty nigh killed me to be an inmate. I'm more comfortable than I've been in my life, but when all's said and done, 'tain't home. Maybe I'd have been a mite more resigned if it hadn't been for Tommy. He's all I have, and I'd calculated to do for him until he got a good start, and then have a little something to leave him when I was done. It just seemed as if I couldn't stand it to have him thrown on the world to shift for himself, and him only fifteen and a half. In that boarding-house he doesn't get the nourishing food he's used to, and I don't know that it's to be expected at the price. But the worst was when he came here one Sunday and I saw his collars and cuffs would have been the better for a little soap and water. It seemed as if I should die, and I lit right into him, thinking he was getting into careless ways without me to keep at him.

"'What's the matter with you Tommy?' I said. 'Maybe you can't afford to have your trousers pressed and sponged, seein' tailors charge so much for doin' it, but there isn't an excuse in the world for you not having on a clean collar and cuffs.'

"'Why, yes, there is, too, granny,' he says. 'After I've paid for my board and lodging, there's not much left for laundry bills.'

"'Well, Miss Letchworth, when Tommy said that, it went through me like a knife that people could reach a pass when they couldn't keep clean if they wanted to! I knew there were lots of poor people that weren't clean, but I'd always supposed that with soap and water so cheap, it was because they were shiftless and lazy that they went dirty. I just sat dumb as a fish for a spell, and then I said:

"'Don't you say a word, Tommy, but every time you come to see me after this, you bring me some of your duds to wash—I'll manage to do them somehow.'

"'He didn't want to do it, and he began to say it would be too much for me, but I hushed him up quick.

"'It'll kill me if you don't, Tommy Tarbox, I said. 'None of our family was ever rich, but neither have we ever before reached the pass where our collars and cuffs were a shame to us.'

"It didn't cost the Home a cent, Miss Letchworth," Mrs. Tarbox anxiously assured her visitor. "Tommy brought me the irons and that newfangled soap and starch, so that you can do up shirts and collars and cuffs without hanging them out to dry. I've always put my faith in boiling and hanging out, but I had to do the best I could, and though I say it that shouldn't, I wouldn't have been ashamed to set Tommy's shirts and collars and cuffs alongside those of the Emperor of Russia. I washed them in the bath tub after everybody had settled down for the night, and as for the gas I burned heating my irons, I figured that if I could take those inmates back to the parlor and keep them sitting there every evening longer than they'd ever sat before, it would more than even things up. I did it easy enough—women are a good deal like sheep—and I didn't have to pretend that I was happy and contented, for I was. I was doing for Tommy once more, and helping to keep him decent and self respecting."

Miss Letchworth would have spoken but Mrs. Tarbox, wringing her wrinkled old hands, wailed despairingly:

"Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear! Now that somebody's been snooping round and found me out, I expect the board'll tell me I've got to stop doing for Tommy. And the Bible says that cleanliness is next to godliness, and I don't care if the Lord does make allowances for them that are too poor to be clean, let alone godly! I never was one to want allowances made for me, not if there was any way of getting round it. And I'm pretty nigh as strong as ever I was, and I always did admire to splash around in soap and water."

There were tears as well as laughter in Miss Letchworth's eyes when a few minutes later she returned to her waiting colleagues and told them the secret of Mrs. Tarbox's midnight industry.

"Without waiting for you to act upon my report," Miss Letchworth concluded, "I assured Mrs. Tarbox that we could not set a precedent by letting her do laundry work in her room, but that after this, on a certain day every week, the laundry down stairs would be placed at her disposal, and she could continue to 'do' for Tommy openly and unmolested until he could earn better wages."

This arrangement proved satisfactory to everybody. And the dove of peace settled down again on the Wellsville Home for Aged Women.—The Youth's Companion.

Record Speed.

The Baroness Rose Posse told this story:

"A railroad man was boasting about the speed of the trains on his line.

"'We go so fast, he said, 'that bells and whistles are no use—the train keeps ahead of the sound.

"'Once, four miles away on a straight stretch, an engineer of ours saw a wagon. He whistled and rang, he cursed and swore and yelled, but it was useless—the next instant we were on the wagon, crash, bang—a derailment and the engine overturned.

"'The engineer, poor fellow, was killed. But the ghastly thing about the accident was this: As the engineer lay dead on the roadside, his voice caught him up. Yes, sir, there he lay, dead, and all around him sounded in chorus his own oaths and yells that he had just used just a minute before to clear the track.'"—Los Angeles Times.

Tooke's Taste In Tombs.

Nelson provided his own coffin, but there have been men who carefully prepared their own tombs. Horne Tooke was one. A large block of black Irish marble, specially procured for the purpose, was its most striking feature, and it was to be placed in his garden at Wimbledon, where he desired to be buried. But all his preparations were vain, for after his death it was decided that the presence of a tomb would "deteriorate the value of his estate," and he was buried in Ealing churchyard.—London Chronicle.

Gardening Tips.

"Astronomical gardening" comes in for strong censure from House and Garden. Floral suns and moons, it says, are out of place on lawns, and so is the outgrown rowboat doing service before the house as a container of scarlet geraniums. Shun the isolated bed as though it were plague infested, it urges, and use the opportunities offered by the graceful possibilities of borders and edgings.

All That Was Left.

A negro died without medical attendance and the coroner went to investigate.

"Did Samuel Williams live here?" he asked the weeping woman who answered the door.

"Yassah," she replied between sobs.

"May I see the remains?" asked the coroner.

"I is de remains," she answered proudly.—Exchange.

A Boys Wants.

"Man wants but little here below."

"It's different with a boy. He wants a mandolin, a pistol, a razor, a false mustache, a bull pup, a magic lantern, a detective's tin badge, a motorcycle, a mud turtle, a fiddle, a printing press, a stamp album, a tool chest, a goat, a telescope, a tame rat, a camera, a squirt gun, a baseball suit, and a pair of roller skates."—Pittsburgh Post.

Suspicious.

The General Manager—Are you aware the cashier has taken a half interest in a yacht? The Confidential Adviser—No. Perhaps we had better investigate and see he does not become a full fledged skipper.—London Telegraph.

A poor excuse is better than none, and many an old maid regards a husband as a poor excuse.

Not Living Up To Advice.

"I don't know what to think," said the college graduate.

"It's the first admission of the kind since you got your diploma," said the old maid.

"What to think about what?" asked the matron just turned thirty. Her mouth was down at the corners and there was a wrongs-for-women look in her eye.

"About marrying. Dave is beginning to insist on marrying just as I am beginning to see that I have some future ahead if I work out by myself."

"Don't hesitate a minute," said the matron just turned thirty, and brought her teeth together with a noticeable click. "What can you do better than anything else?"

"I am interested, you know, in celestial mathematics."

"Then go in for it. Go in for anything that has the word 'celestial' in it. It sounds promising. It may lead you into heaven. Marrying won't. There's no use to pretend that it will."

"You said last week," began the old maid, but the matron just turned thirty wouldn't let her go on.

"I am talking seriously now," maintained the matron, "and as one woman to another I am telling this young thing that a woman who expects marriage to bring satisfaction is following an ignis fatuus. Men are all very well for down town, but the woman who looks to a man to make life seem worth while is a woman who is fated for a grand awakening—"

The telephone bell rang then, and while the matron just turned thirty answered it the two regarded each other with looks that said that they were astonished at her and commiserative of her. Then her voice at the telephone came on to them in languid cadences: "Why, yes, I suppose I can go. O, yes, I suppose I want to. Really. You surprise me. From the way you rushed off this morning I should hardly have thought—Yes, but what made you forget? You have missed— Ye-es. I have, too. You old darling! All right, then, hurry home. I'll be ready."

She came back from the telephone to the two who had listened in conscienceless attention. "Jim and I are going to have a little celebration to-night," she announced, shamelessly. "It's our anniversary."

"You hadn't mentioned it before," said the old maid.

"No—he—we—it slipped our minds this morning." She went out of the room then, red but radiant.

"If you really want any advice about marrying," said the old maid, turning on the college graduate, "you will have to come to us single women. You can't believe anything the married ones tell you. They are here today and there tomorrow. Their conclusions about matrimony rest upon no surer base than whether or not their husbands remembered to kiss them good-by this morning. They haven't any perspective. It takes an old maid to be a president of a congress of mothers, and it takes one to illuminate the subject of matrimony for the young and undecided."

"Turn on your searchlight; Let's have the illumination."

"O, all that it comes to is that each woman has to decide for herself," said the old maid.—New York Evening Post.

There Is a Story

"There is a story," says a correspondent who always verifies his facts to the minutest detail, but forgets to give names, "of a certain young man in this city who left the paternal roof, not very long ago, and went to New York to make his fortune. Nothing was heard of him for six weeks.

"One evening the bereaved parents were sitting on the porch, in a 'where-is-my-wandering-boy-tonight' frame of mind, when a little lad came along and handed the father a note. 'It's from Tom!' cried the mother intuitively. And the father opened the note and read as follows:

"'Dear Dad: I have decided to come home and try to be satisfied with Cleveland. Please meet me after dark this evening at the east end of Euclid village. Bring a coat and a pair of pants. I have a good hat. Your loving son, Tom.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Second-Hand Smell.

An old darky went into a store down in Georgia and asked:

"Say, boss, you got any gunpowdah heah?"

"Yes, we have gunpowder."

"Lemme see some of that thaah gunpowdah."

The dealer showed him some.

"Pour a little of that powdah in mah hand."

The old darky took the powder near the light, ran his forefinger around and around it, looked at it critically, and then smelled it two or three times.

"And you say this heah is powdah?"

"Yes," answered the dealer sharply. "that is powder. What is the matter with it?"

"Dunno, boss"—the darky shook his head doubtfully—"but hi smells to me like it's been shot off befoah."—New Orleans States.

Easily Answered.

"These kids I teach aren't a bit slow," observed a school teacher, "In fact I'm afraid they read the papers. The other day I proposed the following problem to my arithmetic class:

"'A rich man dies and leaves $1,000,000. One-fifth is to go to his wife, one-sixth to his son, one-seventh to his daughter, one eighth to his brother and the rest to foreign missions. What does each get?'

"'A lawyer,' said the smallest boy in the class promptly."

Explaining the Needle.

A typesetter in a printing house became very adroit in explaining the large number of misprints for which he was responsible. Even when he changed his work and became a waiter in a restaurant, says the Berlin Echo, his skill did not forsake him. One day he had served a guest with a plate of soup and was turning away when he was called back sharply.

"This is an outrage!" cried the indignant diner. "I find a needle in my soup! What does this mean?"

"Just a misprint, sir," explained the former typesetter. "It should have been a noodle."

"Charles seems to be very exacting," said a fond mamma to the dear girl who was dressing for the wedding.

"Never mind, Mamma," said she sweetly. "They are his last wishes."—September Lippincott's.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A Close Rub.

The steamer was on the point of leaving, and the passengers lounged on the deck and waited for the start. At length one of them espied a cyclist in the far distance, and it soon became evident that he was doing his level best to catch the boat.

Already the sailors' hands were on the gangways, and the cyclist's chance looked small indeed. Then a sportive passenger wagered a sovereign to a shilling that he would miss it. The offer was taken and at once the deck became a scene of wild excitement.

"He'll miss it."

"No, he'll just do it."

"Come on!"

"He won't do it."

"Yes he will. He's done it. Hurrah!"

In the very nick of time the cyclist arrived, sprang off his machine and ran up the one gangway left.

"Cast off!" he cried.

It was the captain.—Tit-Bits.

Not In His Line.

The masterful manner in which some people evade an issue was mentioned at a recent dinner when this one was recalled by Rear Admiral Philip Andrews:

"In New Orleans one night," the admiral said, "there was a man on the stage who offered to answer by mental arithmetic any question.

"Just so long as the questioners remained in the expected channel the sailing was easy, but one man got beyond the bearings.

"'If you please,' said this man rising from his seat, 'how far off can you hear thunder?'

"'I can't tell you, sir,' was the prompt reply.'

"'You can't tell me?' responded the man, 'Why, I thought—'

"'Not about thunder,' replied the stage party, doing a quick piece of dodging. 'You see I am a lightning calculator.'"

A Neat Retort.

While telling stories in the firelight on a recent afternoon the question arose: "What is the neatest and cleverest retort on record?" The claimants were many, but the following, which may not be familiar to some of our readers, was adjudged winner:

One day Douglas Jerrold and a friend, who were neither quite so sober as they might have been, quarreled. Next morning Jerrold, who had forgotten the incident, met the friend on the street and raised his hat in greeting, as was then the manner. To his surprise he was "cut dead." He pulled up in surprise, "My dear B——, what is wrong?" "Oh," said B——, in whom the memory of the quarrel still rankled. "I never raise my hat to a cad, Jerrold." "Don't you?" replied Jerrold, raising his hat again as he passed on. "I always do."—P. I. P.

Death, Expert Mechanic.

"It is," writes Wilhelm Lamszus in "The Human Slaughter House," "as though Death had scrapped his scythe for old iron, as if nowadays he had graduated as expert mechanic. They have ceased to mow corn by hand nowadays. By this time of day even the sheaves are gathered up by machinery. And so they will have to shovel our millions of bodies underground with burying machines."

As to falling in battle: "Once it was a knightly death, an honourable soldier's death: now it is death by machinery. That is what is sticking in my gullet. We are being hustled from life to death by experts, by mechanicians. And, just as they turn out buttons and pins by wholesale methods of production, so they are now turning out the crippled and the dead by machinery."

What She Didn't Know.

"John," complained Mrs. Dorkins, "the ashes and garbage in our alley have not been carted away for more than six weeks. I wish you would notify the authorities."

"It wouldn't do any good, Maria," said Mr. Dorkins. "The city has no money to pay for having ashes and garbage hauled away. The explanation has been given a hundred times."

"No money? Why, that's awful! Then even the mayor and the aldermen have to go without their pay, don't they?"

"Oh, Maria, what you don't know about the business of running a city would fill a dozen Carnegie libraries."—Chicago Tribune.

His Position.

The Southern darky's love of putting off till next spring or later what should be done on the spot is as well known as it is vexatious. One day Major Jackson, a contractor in a Georgia quarry, told Zeb, the general utility man, to go to the blacksmith shop across the road and bring back a drill that was to be sharpened. About half an hour later the Major saw Zeb come poking around the corner of the office.

"Here," he shouted, "where have you been?"

"I ain't been, Boss," responded Zeb cheerfully. "I's gwine."—September Lippincott's.

"What's the baby crying for now?" asked the head of the house from the depth of his paper.

"He wants his own way," answered the mother.

And with his mind on the latest stock quotations Hubby replied: "Well, if it's his, why don't you let him have it?"—September Lippincott's.

"What are you thinking of Beatrice?" inquired Mr. Halner of his wife one morning while they were at breakfast.

"I am dreaming of my youth," replied the woman.

"Well," replied the brute, "I thought you had a far-away look in your eyes."—September Lippincott's.

Mrs. Talkamore—Your husband is a great lover of music, isn't he? Mrs. Chatters—Yes, indeed, I have seen him get up in the middle of the night and try to compose. Mrs. T.—What? Mrs. C.—The baby.—Stray Stories.

"You don't mean to say that Spender is on his uppers. Why, I thought he had money to burn."

"So he did have; but, unfortunately for Spender, he carried no fire insurance."—Brooklyn Life.

"Pop, what's poise?"

"Poise, my son, is when a man can pick up a pretty woman's handkerchief in a street car and then look at the other passengers without feeling and acting like a fool."—Judge.

Mistaken.

The conversation turned to the state of Maine when Congressman Longworth told of the experience a preacher friend of his had in that prohibition commonwealth.

The parson who was going to remain in the state for several weeks, bought a typewriter and ordered it sent to his room at the hotel. The typewriter, carefully cased, arrived during his absence and was taken in charge by the proprietor.

"Are you looking for that case of yours, dominie?" asked the proprietor, on seeing the parson approach the desk.

"Yes," answered the preacher. "I expected to find it in my room." It is—"

"That case of yours is all right, dominie," smilingly interrupted the proprietor. "I put it on ice for you. It will be just about right by dinner time."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Allan Knew.

The teacher in a country school always tried to make the lessons as interesting as possible.

"Now, children," she said, "let me see what you remember about the animal kingdom and the domestic animals that belong to it. You have named all the domestic animals but one. Who can tell what that one is?"

There was no reply.

"What!" exclaimed Teacher. "Does no one know? It has bristly hair, likes the dirt, and is fond of getting into the mud."

A small boy at the end of the class raised a timid hand.

"Well Allen?" said Teacher.

"Please, ma'am," said the little boy reflectively, "it's me."—September Lippincott's.

A Vital Question.

More vegetarian humor. One of the fleshless fraternity telephones that he engaged a German cook lady not long ago. His wife liked the appearance of the applicant; her references were good and the wages she demanded were not exorbitant.

"I'd like to have you come," said the lady of the house, "but perhaps you won't want to live with us. We are vegetarians and never have any meat in the house. Would you be satisfied with a vegetable diet?"

The fraulein scratched her head,

"Vell," she said dubiously, "iss beer a wegetable?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wanted to Get It Right.

A travelling salesman died suddenly and was taken to his home in the West. His relatives telephoned the nearest florist, some miles distant, to make a wreath: the ribbon should be extra wide, with the inscription "Rest in Peace" on both sides, and, if there was room, "We Shall Meet in Heaven."

The florist was away, and his new assistant handled the job. It was a startling floral piece which turned up at the funeral. The ribbon was extra wide and bore the inscription:

"Rest in Peace on Both Sides, and if There is Room We Shall Meet in Heaven."—September Lippincott's.

Discouraging.

Mr. Jordan was touring by motorcar, and arrived at a crowded village inn quite late one evening. There was no spare bed to be had, which was a great disappointment, as he was tired, and very much disliked the thought of driving farther that night.

"Haven't you at least a bundle of hay you can give me?" he demanded of the landlady.

"There isn't a thing left," she answered, "except a bit of cold roast beef."—September Lippincott's.

No Kick Coming.

The fare at a certain boarding-house was very poor. A boarder that had been there for some time, because he could not get away, was standing on the porch when the proprietor rang the dinner-bell. Whereupon an old hound that was lying out in the sun commenced to howl mournfully.

The boarder watched him a little while, and then said, "What in tarnation are you howling for? You don't have to eat it."—September Lippincotts

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.—Phillips Brooks.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowles, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

The good roads movement is bound to be active in Pennsylvania. The State has let a contract for 25,000 automobile licenses.

Every nervous person should try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. They are made specially for nervous and dyspeptic men and women, and are just the medicine needed by all persons who, from any cause, do not sleep well or who fail to get proper strength from their food. Cases of weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous and sick headache, &c., readily yield to the use of the Little Nerve Pills, particularly if combined with Carter's Little Liver Pills. In vials at 25 cents.

People generally must be beginning to notice that there is going to be an election in the 3d Congressional District down in Maine.

Backache is almost immediately relieved by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Try one and be free from pain. Price 25 cents.

Texas is going to spend $1,000,000 on the roads this year. That ought to build one good road part way across the state.

No one knows better than those who have used Carter's Little Liver Pills what relief, they have given when taken for dyspepsia, dizziness, pain in the side, constipation, and disordered stomach.

President Wilson has received many congratulations on having held office six months. Shouldn't See Bryan also have a few.

Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills They are a positive cure for sick headache and all the produced by disordered liver Only one pill a dose.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

All Sorts.

"What kind of a housewife is Mrs. Gadsway?"

"Well, I've heard a hoarse whisper to the effect that her husband darns his own socks."—Pittsburgh Post.

Willie—Paw, what is a jury?

Paw—A body of men organized to find out who has the best lawyer, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Miss Oldun appears to be a woman of unusual qualities." "Yes; the absence of suitors long ago convinced her father that she was matchless."—Buffalo Express.

George—Didn't you notice that I pressed your foot at dinner tonight?

Ethel—Why, it wasn't my foot you pressed. Oh, George, I wondered why mother was smiling so sweetly at the minister!—Judge.

Boreleigh—I called on Miss Back-Baye this afternoon.

Miss Keen—So did I.

Boreleigh—She was looking very tired.

Miss Keen—Yes; she said you had just called.—Boston Transcript.

One evening when a water inspector was going his rounds, he stopped at one of the mains in a busy street to turn off the water owing to some repairs. He had just put the handle on the tap and began turning when a hand was placed on his shoulder by a tipsy gentleman, who said in a drunken tone:

"So I have found you at last, have I? It's you that's turning the street round, is it?"—New York Globe.

"My," said the little mermaid, "what's the cause of all this commotion?"

"Oh," replied Neptune, with a smile, "it's merely an ocean greyhound chasing a couple of catboats."—Florida Times-Union.

Mrs. Murphy was getting the supper for the children on Saturday night when a young woman came to her door.

"I'm a collector for the Drunkards' Home," she said. "Couldn't you help us?"

"Come around tonight and I'll give you Murphy," said the housewife, as she went about her work.—Life.

He—You are the first girl I ever loved.

She—Well, don't worry about it. Some girls don't fancy beginners, but I don't mind.

He was seated in the parlor
And he said unto the light:
"Either you or I, old fellow,
Will be turned down tonight."
—Cornell Widow.

If a man is smart enough to fool a woman it is because she wants to be fooled.

Kid—What is it that occurs once in a minute, twice in a week, and yet only once in a year?

Gent—What is it?

Kid—The letter E.—Brooklyn Citizen.

"Officer," said the New York householder, "there's a burglar in my home."

"I ain't got nothing to do with burglars," responded the policeman. "I'm on the traffic squad."—Washington Herald.

Mrs. Essay—If you drink brandy without putting water in it you will ruin the coat of your stomach.

Hen Essay (absently)—Never mind; it's an old coat.—Sketch.

"Here, take—take this egg away," he roared.

"Yes, sir," said the waiter. "And what shall I do with it, sir?" The man rose menacingly in his chair.

"Do with it?" he bellowed. "Do with it? Why, wring its neck."—St. James Gazette.

"Your husband, my dear woman, has financial rabies."

"But, doctor, he has never been bitten by a dog. I don't understand you."

"He's money mad."—Detroit Free Press.

Flubdub. What do you consider the most delicate form of flattery?

Dubious. Telling a married man he doesn't look it.—Judge.

Patience. Our egg man has 2000 eggs displayed in his window.

Patrice. Why this vulgar display of wealth?—Yonkers Statesman.

"How do you like my new skirt?" asked the Sweet Young Thing. "Isn't it perfect?"

"Well, there isn't much room for improvement," replied the Grouch.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"A man may adore every hair on his wife's head." "Well?" "But he regards those on her dresser with mixed emotions."—Pittsburgh Post.

"There's an idea for a dress."

"Too daring," said the actress. "It may be all right for the street, but it wouldn't be allowed on the stage."—Pittsburgh Post.

Mrs. Blew. Oh, doctor, what ails him?

Doctor. Rheumatorial artritis.

Mrs. Blew. Oh, doctor, we are very poor—can't you make it something plainer?

"Love is like a kitten," gurgled the sweet young thing. "It is born blind."

"Yes, but it only takes a kitten nine days to get its eyes opened," replied the brute.

"My husband sees pink elephants when he drinks."

"Mine has a worse fad than that. He sees green dogs. It's expensive too."

"How's that?"

"Why, he goes and buys licenses for 'em."—Washington Herald.

"Our guide tells me that in Morocco men buy their wives."

"I've seen his. I'll bet he got her at a rummage sale."—Pittsburgh Post.

"You ought to brace up and show your wife who is running things at your house."

"It isn't necessary. She knows."—Houston Post.

Willie. Paw, what are hieoglyphics?

Paw. The signatures of busy presidents, my son.—Exchange.

Belle. She's making a lot of money out of her lines.

Buelah. Indeed; is she a verse writer or a cloak model?—Yonkers Statesman.

Gabe. The doctor has ordered Smithers to take more exercise.

Steve. What's he going to do?

Gabe. He has decided to roll his own cigarettes.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Gabe. Smith is an unsociable cuss, isn't he?

Steve. Should say so. Why, that guy wouldn't ever talk in his sleep.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1913.

Queries.

7469. SKELTON—Was Thomas Skelton (Shilton) of Woburn, Mass., in 1700 a son of kin of Rev. Samuel Skelton, of Salem about 1640?—G. H.

7470. COMSTOCK—About 1784 Samuel Comstock settled in Vershire, Vt., coming from Massachusetts or Rhode Island. He brought with him his wife, Hannah Dunnell or (Dunell) and seven children; John, Michael, Lucy, Samuel, Dunnell and Hannah. I wish to learn from what source this family came, and any data with regard to their ancestry.—N. D.

7471. ADAMS—Simeon Adams, of Stonington, Conn., married, prior 1770, widow Lydia (Brown) Spatharick, who by previous marriage had daughters Sabra, born 1763, and Lydia, born 1765. Simeon Adams had eight children born in Stonington between 1770 and 1788, who married into the Rathbone, Ransom, Rogers, King, Yeoman and Burdick families. I am unable to connect this Simeon Adams with his ancestry. Who can aid me in doing so?—J. E.

7472. MASON—POOLE, ANDREWS—What was the given name of Mr. Mason, who married Susannah, the daughter of Rev. Nicholas Street, of New Haven, Conn., about 1670. Is there any proof existing that Miss Elizabeth Poole or her mother were settled at Taunton, Mass., previous to the settlement there of the Rev. Nicholas Street of Taunton, Mass., and New Haven, Conn., 1660 or 1660, whose daughter is mentioned in the will of her grandfather, the Rev. Mr. Street?—D. M.

7473. GIBBS—Information concerning the ancestry of George Gibbs, of Newport, R. I., born Aug. 15, 1755, and also of his wife, Ruth Hart, who died June 4, 1784, aged 75. Was she a descendant of Roger Williams?—C. B.

7474. CHAPMAN—Ralph Chapman, born 1615, died 1671, at Marshfield, Mass., had son John about 1651. This John was living in 1671 at date of his father's will. Information wanted concerning him or of any of his descendants, if he had any.—W. W.

7475. POPE—Ezra Pope, son of John (8), Sandwich, Mass., b. April 3, 1719, m. Aug. 18, 1749, Sarah Freeman of S., removed to Newport, R. I. Information of his descendants desired. Anselson of Seth (6), Voluntown, Conn., b. about 1751; by wife Anna had Hannah, b. in V. April 7, 1780. What became of him? Where are his descendants found? William Wainwright was in Hartford, Conn., 1741 mar., March 21, 1742, Sabra Johnston of Wallingford, Conn., where were his ancestors?—M. S.

Newport County Fair.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

Emily Brazier, Embroidered Shirt Waist.

Mrs. H. B. Hall, Embroidered Shirt Waist.

Mrs. Merle Holman, Embroidered Shirt Waist.

Grace B. Brazier, Embroidered Shirt Waist.

Mrs. Merle Holman—Embroidered combination.

Marguerite Holman—Embroidered corset cover.

Miss Emma Frost—Embroidered pillow case.

Marguerite Holman—Beautiful Embroidered collar, satin stitch.

Mrs. A. P. Anthony—Lace baby bonnet.

Mrs. Benjamin Littlefield—Braided rug of exceptionally fine work.

Mrs. J. C. Durfee—Darned lace collar.

Mrs. A. P. Anthony—Hemstitching on baby dress.

Mrs. Edgar Hicks—Point lace handkerchief.

Annie Carolan—Limerick lace collar.

Robert Wyatt of Tiverton exhibited bills of currency issued during the War of 1862-1863.

Harold Durfee had first premium in a splendid collection of Sloyd work.

Two children of Dr. Conway made most of the cake that was exhibited.

Ida Durfee had a splendid collection of preserves.

Miss Annie Sinley had a novel exhibit of bead work.

Elmer L. Counick had a model of monoplane airship, which was worthy of special mention.

Edmund White had a splendid collection of mechanical drawings.

Miss Emma Chase loaned for exhibition a Mora china tea set and some willow ware; also a delft plate 250 years old.

The Quilters' League had a display of hand painted china.

Mrs. Bertram Storrs' lustre ware was an addition in this department.

The work of Gladys Grinnell, of Tiverton, and Ida Durfee, of Newport, in the children's department was a pleasing addition to the exhibits. Gladys Grinnell had a child's dress of exquisite work.

Ivah Peckham had a doll on exhibition which she dressed and it would have done credit to an older person.

Dorothy Peckham, 13 years old, had a collection of pressed flowers.

Earl Sherman, 11 years old, had an automobile model, made of wood.

The rugs, as a collection, were unusually good.

Mrs. E. G. Ruggles had 8 very old quilted spreads of unusual designs.

Mrs. Charles Grinnell entered a pair of doilies, the work of a woman 78 years of age. They were beautiful and the eyelet work was especially commented on, as well as the cut work, button hole stitch and stem stitch.

Mrs. Merle Holman had a number of first premiums on embroidered baby dresses.

Mrs. F. S. Goff of Newport had work out of the ordinary and deserves special mention. It was some of the finest work ever exhibited in the fancy work department and she received many first premiums.

FRUIT.

The following persons won first premiums in the fruit exhibit: Joseph A. Peckham, Mrs. Bessie Gram, Almy Bros., Robert B. Almy, Glen Farm, Herbert E. Chase, Ashton C. Barker, Soule Bros., B. C. Sherman, Joe M. DeSouza, Borden O. Anthony, B. P. Sherman, B. F. C. Boyd, R. H. Beattie, H. T. Thurston, Henry Hedly, William F. Brayton, H. Manton Chase, W. B. Anthony, John L. Borden, George R. Hicks, C. L. Sherman, P. D. Humphrey, J. L. C. Harrington, John A. Murphy, Jacob Almy, Mrs. Robert D. Hall, Miss Alzada Coggeshall.

The children had an exhibit in the vegetable department. W. H. Smith won first premium for best collection of ten ears of corn and Thornton Sherman second premium. For best single ear of corn Thornton, Sherman won first premium. For best sweet corn Thornton Sherman won first premium. For best popcorn Milton Chase won first premium.

NOTES.

The Rhode Island College, Poultry Department, had a fine exhibit of Poultry.

William Dunn, of Portsmouth, exhibited a young mule with its mother.

One cow from the Glen Farm exhibit attracted unusual attention, the owner having been offered $1200 for the animal. The live stock exhibited was considered the very finest.

The Lone Elm Cattery had a number of very valuable cats on exhibition, among them being some of shaded silver, solid black and orange King.

There were one third more entries in fruit than any former year.

There was a delightful increase in the cattle showing, about 100 head more than last year.

The poultry was larger than last year and the vegetables were said to be the finest ever exhibited in New England.

Glen Farm, as in former years, had a wonderful exhibition of vegetables, and Mr. R. Livingston Beeckman, a new exhibitor, had a very nice exhibit of vegetables.

Percy Bailey received first premium on a potato weighing 2 lbs., 4½ oz. W. H. Smith won second premium on large potatoes.

In the apple department there were 129 varieties and Mr. William Barclay (Glen Farm) has 26 entries of different varieties.

Frasch had an ice cream booth, in charge of Mr. Albert W. Almy.

S. W. Coggeshall had an interesting exhibit of hardware articles, which attracted much attention. The Coggeshall store has an excellent reputation on the Island as well as in Newport.

There were 186 entries in the flower show, Mrs. May Malone having 71 of her own.

Mr. Brownell Wordell had charge of the admitting of carriages and automobiles to the ground.

SHEEP AND SWINE.

William B. Anthony, 1st and 2d, Yorkshire sow and 8 white pigs.
Charles Sherman, 1st, Berkshire boar.
William W. Anthony, 1st, belted boar.
William W. Anthony, 1st, Berkshire sow and 10 very small pigs.
William W. Anthony, 1st, belted sow and 10 small pigs.
William W. Anthony, 1st, English Yorkshire sow and 8 white pigs.
Oakland Farm, 1st, Berkshire sow and 8 pigs.
William B. Anthony, 1st, Chester sow and 8 wee white pigs.
William B. Anthony, 1st, Chester sow and 8 small pigs.
William B. Anthony, 1st, Chester boar, 1 year old.
William H. Anthony, 2d, Yorkshire sow and 8 pigs.

CATTLE.

Oakland Farm, 1st Jersey (thoroughbred); 2d, Jersey (thoroughbred); commended, Jersey (thoroughbred).
Almy Bros., 1st, Jersey bull, 1 year old; 2d, Jersey calf.
Almy Bros., 1st, Guernsey, 1 year old.
Almy Bros., 1st, Jersey, 1 year old.
William J. Peckham, 1st, steer, 2 years old.
Dennis J. Murphy, 1st, working oxen, 5 years old.
Howard Thurston, 1st, one pair fat oxen.
Alvin Simmons, 1st, Jersey 2 years old; 2d, Jersey, 3 years old.
John L. Simmons, 1st, Jersey, 1 year old.
Hathaway Bros., 1st, calf.
Manuel Oliver, 1st, Holstein.
Alvin Simmons, 2d. Holstein, 1 year old.
Reginald Dennis, 1st, Ayrshire (thoroughbred), 1 year old.
R. H. Beattie, 1st, Jersey calf.
J. V. Oliver, 1st, fat cow.
Antone Martin, 1st, shorthorn heifer, 1 year old.
Sunny Field Farm, 1st and 2d, Guernseys. These were twins.
Sunny Field Farm, 1st, Guernsey heifer, 2 years old.
Sunny Field Farm, 1st, Guernsey, herd of 5 cows.
Glen Farm, 1st, 2 year old bull.
Glen Farm, 1st and 2d, 1 year old bull.
Glen Farm, 1st and 2d, bull calf.
Glen Farm, 1st and 2d, and commended, heifer.
Glen Farm, commended, heifer.
Glen Farm, 1st, Guernsey cow, 5 years old.
Glen Farm, Guernsey, 1st and 2d, 2 years old.
There were also a fine line of Guernseys on exhibition only.
Dennis J. Murphy, 1st and 2d, Holstein, 2 years old.
Dennis J. Murphy, 1st, Ayrshire, 2 years old.
Dennis J. Murphy, 1st, Jersey, 2 years old.
Dennis J. Murphy, 1st, Jersey, 1 year old.
Dennis J. Murphy, 1st, Jersey cow (thoroughbred.)
Dennis J. Murphy, 1st, Ayrshire.
Dennis J. Murphy, 1st, Ayrshire, 2 years old.
Dennis J. Murphy, 2d, Ayrshire, 1 year old (thoroughbred.)
Dennis J. Murphy, 1st, Ayrshire cow (thoroughbred.)
Dennis J. Murphy, 1st, Ayrshire bull, 1 year old (thoroughbred.)

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

NAMES OF DEPOSITORS
IN THE
Savings Bank of Newport

As required by Section 17, Chapter 237 of the Banking Laws of the State of Rhode Island.

Bryer, Benjamin	New York City
Burr, Frank A. M.	Newport, R. I.
Burns, Mary A. Geoffroy	New Shoreham
Brown, Julia J.	Newport, R. I.
Carr, George C., Trustee	Newport, R. I.
Cory, Lucy M.	Middletown
Curley, Michael	Newport, R. I.
Davis, Mary E.	Newport, R. I.
Dodge, Jennie T.	New Shoreham
Doyle, Alice M.	New Shoreham
Grinnell, Herbert A.	Little Compton
Graf, Gottlieb	Middletown
Hall, Robert D., Jr.	Melville Station
Hessy, Mary	Newport, R. I.
Hooper, Laura M.	New Shoreham
Horgan, Elizabeth	Newport, R. I.
Howland, Charles C.	Newport, R. I.
Johnston, Nellie	Newport, R. I.
Johnson, Samuel	Middletown
Keeley, Elizabeth, Trustee	Boston, Mass.
Landaw, Carl H.	Troy, N. Y.
Landaw, Fred A.	Newport, R. I.
McIver, George	Newport, R. I.
McNamara, Margaret	Newport, R. I.
Millikin, Catherine E.	New Shoreham
Millikin, Maud A.	New Shoreham
Newbold, Maude S, Ledyard	Newport, R. I.
Newton, Phillip S.	San Francisco, Cal.
O'Brien, Mary	Newport, R. I.
Patten, Eliza B.	Newport, R. I.
Potter, Edward C.	New York
Seabury, William H.	Little Compton
Stacy, Mrs. William T.	Newport, R. I.
Sullivan, Annie C.	Newport, R. I.
Sullivan, Hannah P.	Newport, R. I.
Sweeney, William S.	Newport, R. I.
Westcott, Marcy V. Dunn	New Shoreham
Willis, Hannah R.	New Shoreham

Books are Fine Things to Own.

But fine books without a suitable place to house them is a poor investment. They soon get shabby and worn looking, and a tremendous care or are always dust ridden. With books in a home a book case becomes a real necessity.

A Sectional Book Case is Best.

You never start with a complete library, you get a few choice copies as a starter and build up gradually, a section or two of the Gunn Elastic book case will start you in right, then add to them as necessity requires. Your books then get the protection they deserve and you've added another attractive piece of furniture to your library or sitting room. Any finish, any style, always on hand.

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, - NEWPORT, R. I.

Your Travelling Telephone Horizon

WHEREVER you go, within the Bell system, your telephone horizon travels with you.

No matter where you are, the Bell telephone is the center for a large talking circle.

You can travel the length and breadth of the country and never be beyond the reach of the Bell telephone.

Wherever you are, it links you with your home and business.

You may be a thousand miles from home, yet in a few minutes you may hear the voice of friends or business associates.

And wherever you go it is the same. Always there is the same efficient service of the Universal Bell Telephone system linking you with those you have left behind.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE COMPANY — AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. — ONE POLICY ONE SYSTEM UNIVERSAL SERVICE — BELL SYSTEM

Providence Telephone Co.

CONTRACT DEPT. 142 Spring St.

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station.

The federal income tax will soon be an established fact. The Senate and House conferrees have agreed upon its provisions and the bill is now ready for passage. There will be a tax of one per cent. on the excess over $3000, with a surtax of one per cent. upon incomes from $20,000 to $50,000; two percent. from $50,000 to $75,000; three per cent. from $75,000 to $100,000; four per cent. from $100,000 to $250,000; five per cent. from $250,000 to $500,000, and six per cent. above that amount. There will be deductions of $1000 for a wife and $500 for each of two minor children.

There was an alarm of fire from box 42 about 12.30 Friday morning, calling the department to the house at 83 William street, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Lawton. A brisk fire was in progress around the steps in the cellar and was fast working its way up through the house when discovered. The fire department made short work of the flames but the loss will be considerable. The fire was discovered by Mrs. Lawton who aroused the family on smelling smoke.

The Portsmouth residence of Mrs. William E. Dennis was entered a few days ago and a number of valuable articles were stolen. There is no clue to the robbers. Mrs. Dennis is well known in Newport, being an active member of William Ellery Chapter.

Newport has had an opportunity to see many aeroplane flights this week. Messrs. Toaw and MacGuerdon have been here to obtain from Captain Willoughby pilots' licenses in the Aero Club, and have given many flights, at times taking up passengers. From Providence came Messrs. Hanley and Morris in their machine, and there was an impromptu race over the harbor. Later Jack McGee arrived and made accents preparatory to obtaining an Aero Club license. It has seemed as if the air was full of flying machines at times. The weather has been ideal for flights.

Mr. William E. Coggeshall, who died at his home in Middletown on Thursday, was well known in Newport. He was a veteran of the Civil War and had held a number of town offices in Middletown. He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Benjamin T. White and Mrs. J. Alton Barker, and one son, Mr. William Coggeshall. He was eighty years of age.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., Sept. 18, 1913.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the town of New Shoreham, Administratrix of the estate of JOHN W. SMITH, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

BERTHA B. SMITH,
Administratrix.
9-18-3w

CARD OF THANKS.

At a meeting of the Joint Committee on Perry Victory Centennial Celebration, held on September 23, it was unanimously voted that the thanks of the committee be publicly expressed to everybody who aided in making the celebration a success, including those public-spirited merchants who gave their employes a holiday and decorated their places of business, as well as everyone else of the many who united heartily and unselfishly to honor the memory of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry and the heroes of Lake Erie.

By order of the Committee,
WILLIAM MACLEOD,
Chairman.
ALVAH H. SANBORN,
Secretary.

Carr's List.

THE IRON TRAIL,
By Rex Beach.
HAGAR REVELLY,
By Daniel C. Goodman.
THE WAYS OF AMBITION,
By Robert Hichens.
THE WAY HOME,
By Basil King.
Author of the Inner Shrine.

211-213 THAMES ST.
Tel. 638.

MEET ME AT BARNEY'S

Edison Wax Records

To be discontinued and we are authorized to sell our present stock at reduced prices.
2-minute, regular price 35c reduced to 21c
4-minute, regular price 50c reduced to 31c
As many of these selections are especially good and cannot be duplicated, you should not delay.

BARNEY'S Music Store,

Probate Court of the city of Newport, September 25th, 1913.
Estate of Annie Mead.

GEORGE H. MEAD, Administrator of the estate of *ANNIE MEAD*, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account shows distribution among the heirs-at-law; and the same is received, and referred to the Thirteenth day of October next at ten o'clock, a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN B. HAZARD,
Clerk.
9-27-3w

Office of Town Clerk of New Shoreham, Block Island, R. I., Sept. 12, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested that an instrument in writing purporting to be the last Will and Testament of *JOSEPH H. TEAL*, late of New Shoreham, deceased, has been filed for probate, and said instrument will be considered at the Court of Probate of New Shoreham, at the Town Hall in said town, on the 6th day of October, A. D. 1913, at two o'clock p. m., at which time and place all persons interested may appear, if they see fit, and be heard in relation to the same.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
Probate Clerk.
9-20-3w

Fall Excursions
TO THE
White Mountains

September 8 to October 10 Returning Until October 20

Spend a vacation in the White Mountains. It's really the best time of the year. You'll see the hills in all the glory of autumnal foliage. And the trip will do you good—the air is so bracing and exhilarating.

Very Low Fares

The round trip fall excursion fares are lower than the regular summer excursion fares. The hotels offer special rates during September and October.

PLENTY OF AMUSEMENTS

You can go driving or automobiling; play golf or tennis; fish; climb mountains; tramp over trails. The climb to the top of Mount Washington is an experience you'll never forget.

Ask ticket agent for descriptive booklet or write Advertising Bureau, Room 574, South Station, Boston.

For tickets and information see local ticket agent.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company.

ASK ANY HORSE

Eureka Harness Oil — Mica Axle Grease

Sold by dealers everywhere

Standard Oil Co. of New York

"So your little boy is in the hospital?"

"Yes; the doctor said he would have to have his asteroids taken out."

"My stars!"—Baltimore American.

Little Willie—Say, will a Welsh rabbit bite?

Little Bobby—No, not unless you eat it.—Philadelphia Record.

NEW ENGLAND STEAMSHIP CO.
TO NEW YORK

FALL RIVER LINE
STEAMERS
COMMONWEALTH and PRISCILLA

Lv. Long wharf, Newport, daily, at 9.30 P. M., due New York 7.00 A. M. Orchestra on each.

WICKFORD LINE
STEAMER GENERAL

Lv. NEWPORT LONG WHARF
(Week Days Only.)

Lv. Newport, (L'ng wh)	Due New York, (G. C. Ter)	Lv. New York, (G. C. Ter)	Due Newport (L'ng wh)
7.10	1.52		
10.00 a. m.	4.00 p. m.	12.00 n't.	7.05 a. m.
1.05 p. m.	7.00 p. m.	4.15 a. m.	12.50 noon
4.05 p. m.	11.00 p. m.	10.02 a. m.	3.65 p. m.
7.15 p. m.	x2.05 a. m	1.02 p. m.	6.45 p. m.
		5.35	10.45

x Har. Riv. Sta. N. Y. C.

(SUNDAYS ONLY.)

12.00 noon	7.00 p. m.

Tickets, etc., at City Ticket office, 330 Thames St., and at Wharf Office.
C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.

You Want a Running Water Lavatory Without Plumbing

A modern, convenient lavatory for rooms which have no plumbing connections.

This fixture takes the place of the old-fashioned commode and slop jar and costs no more. It gives you fresh running water for lavatory purposes without the expense of installing plumbing for bath room or wash stand.

The Whole Story In A Nut Shell.

The Rowe Sanitary Lavatory is complete in itself. Nothing to break, nothing to rust, nothing to get out of order. Quickly set up, goes in any part of the room, can't slop over, may be moved from place to place.

Just the thing for Home, Office, Apartment, Hotel, Rooming house or summer cottage.

"So Handy and So Clean."

That is the delighted exclamation of the housekeeper when she turns on the water for the first time into the basin of a newly installed Rowe Sanitary Lavatory.

Ask for information and get free booklet write today.

GORDON CO,
925 Main St — Bridgeport, Conn.
10-5

RHODE ISLAND.
STATE COLLEGE.

FOUR-YEAR COURSES (B. S. Degree) in
Agriculture
Engineering
Home Economics
Applied Science

SHORT COURSES (for students eighteen years of age and over) in
Agriculture
Home Economics

Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. No tuition to residents of the State. Board and room at cost.

New Science Hall in use this year. Write for catalogue and illustrated booklet or visit the college at Kingston. Nineteen trains daily.

A great opportunity for the young men and young women of Rhode Island.

Address REGISTRAR,
8-18-4w — Kingston, R. I.

NEW MODEL
MULTIPLEX HAMMOND TYPEWRITER

All Languages on One Machine.
Carries Two Sets Type at one time.
Ball Bearing Carriage.
Automatic Ribbon Feed.
Visible Writing, Two-color Ribbon
Send for Catalogue.
Allowance made on old machines of any make.

The Hammond Typewriter Co.
101 MILK STREET, BOSTON.
6-7

SITUATION WANTED by gardener. (Private place.) First class recommendations. Five years in Rhode Island. Age 31, married, one child. Abstainer. Twenty years extensive experience. Fruit and flowers, hardy and undergrass. Vegetables etc.
Address S. W. S. Box 23, Peace Dale, R. I.
6-3

RENT FREE—Cottage out of repair and several acres on salt water. Only expert fisherman and gasoline expert need apply.
ROOM 71,
2 Wall Street, N. Y. C.
6-24